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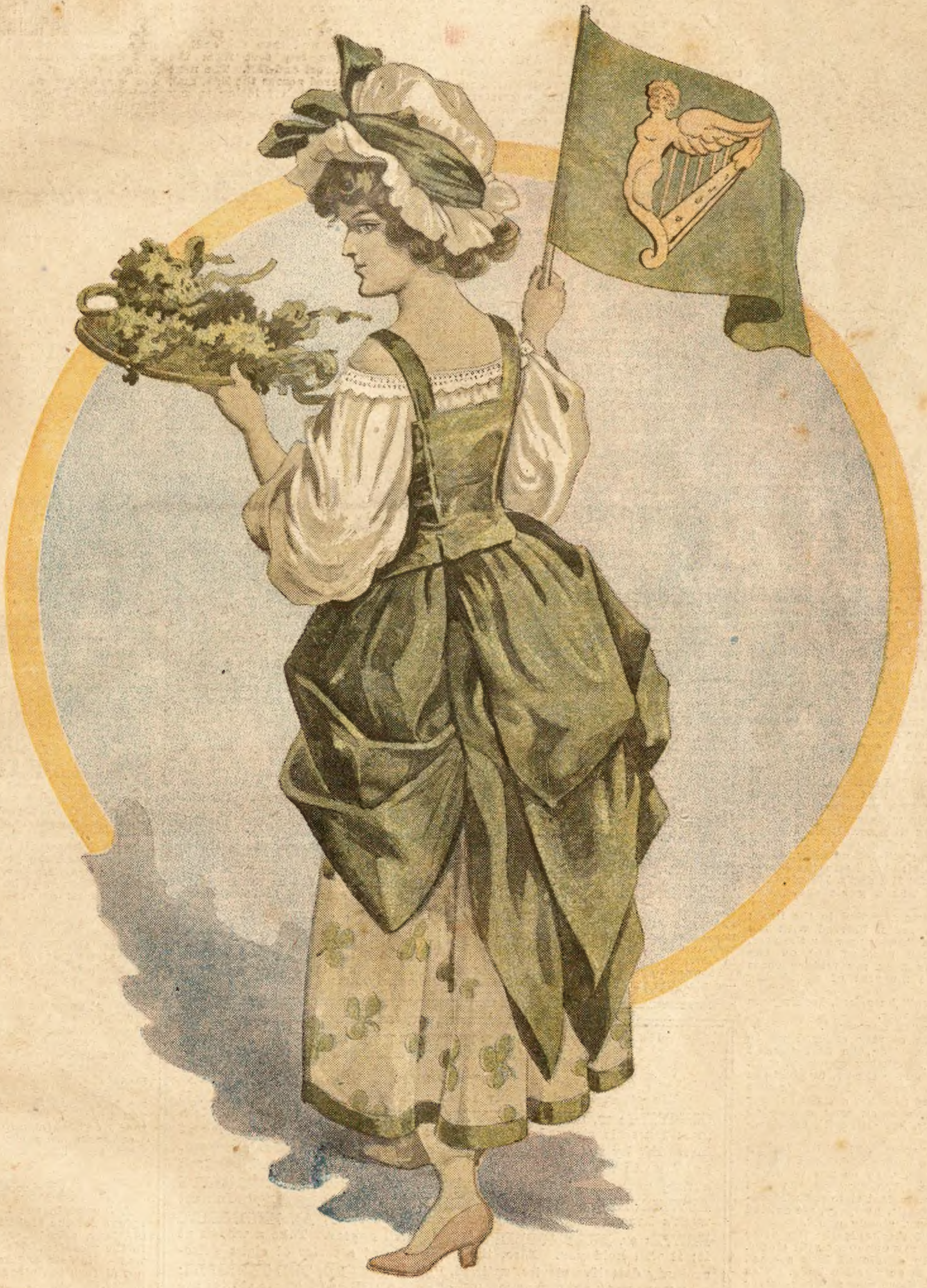
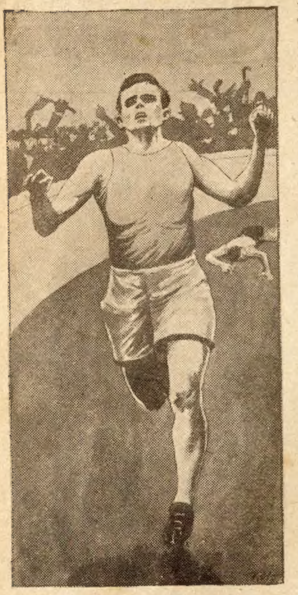


"It's the Shamrock and Erin Go Bragh"

FOR A WIFE

By ALBERT C. SPROUL



Saw him reel and fall.

WHEN I entered the Madison Square Garden, the Italian was already there, surrounded by a coterie of admiring friends. I wasn't a favorite that night, I could plainly see, for there was nothing but Italy everywhere—Italian airs, Italian cheers, Italian flags, Italian faces. I had, of course, my bank of Canadian backers, and among them there was one who was praying for my success as fervently as I.

As I stood there near the judge's stand, listening to the cheers and the betting—it was two to one on the Italian—I tried to single her out from the mass of people, staring down at us. She was somewhere near the back of the boxes, but I could not find her. I felt, however, her gaze, and her anxious words, whispered a short time ago, came to me.

"You're going to beat him, aren't you, John?"

"Why, of course!" I had replied, with a burst of confidence that was somewhat exaggerated. "With you for the prize, nobody could help winning."

Yes, that was the condition I made with her father. He didn't like me, thought I was a good-for-nothing loafer. I had said to him: "If I win the Marathon, I get Nellie; if I don't, I'll give her up." Well, he was a game sport, and agreed.

The Garden was crowded to the limit; just a mass of faces, blurred with the dust and smoke. Away up near the roof, I could see men perched out on the timbers. Pretty soon my trainer came along and gave me sort of a quizzing glance.

"Feel all right?" he asked, looking me over in a critical way.

"Never better," I answered.

Just then the starter ordered us to take our places. For the first time, I had a chance to look my opponent over. He was much shorter than I, but had the build of a born runner. I knew he was game, and would give me a tight rub for my money. The track was a ten-lap one; a bit heavy, but still with considerable spring.

Crack! We were off! The Italian jumped into the lead, and I loped behind at about five yards, so as not to break my long stride. We covered the first few laps in mighty fast time for a Marathon. After a while, however, we settled down to the long, steady grind.

As we hit off mechanically lap after lap, I examined my opponent still closer. His wonderfully developed legs seemed absurd, joined to so small a body. Was it possible that there was staying-power in that little fellow to last out such a gruelling contest? I knew there must be, for he had beaten the cracks of the other side, and now was practically undisputed champion. Then his records, which I had carefully studied, came into my mind—it's curious how those things come to a fellow at such times. I must confess that they discouraged me a bit, but I was game and intended to win or die in the attempt.

On we went, hammering off mile after mile, the first five being done in record time. It was a wonderful pace the little fellow set, fairly eating up the distance. Ten miles—record beaten again. Up to the twelfth mile the crowd was all Italy. I could hear the shout of "Coraggio! Coraggio! Viva!" and catch the gradually increasing odds of "three to one"—it was "two to one" before. As we turned the corners, I could see a confident smile on my rival's face. Then the words of my trainer came to my mind.

"John," he had said, "there's just one way for you to win the race. You've got to break his heart. If you jog on behind him, you're done for."

It was just as we entered the thirteenth mile that I decided to start things going, send hope to my sweetheart, and lighten the long faces of my supporters. With a sudden start, I flashed by him and set the pace. The way we tore up that track for the next few laps was startling. I simply took the bottom out of the Italian's confidence and brought a worried look to his face. I showed him that he didn't have the snap he thought he had. The Italian section was remarkably silent as I swung around by them, and my friends had a chance to cheer, and cheer they did. Then I slowed up and let him come to the fore again.

Not long after this, he began to take nourishment—some stuff out of a bottle—a hopeful sign to me, for I had not as yet felt the need of anything. Machine-like, we hammered off the distance, I sprinting to the head, tearing off a lap or two, and then dropping back. These sprints were new to the Italian, forcing him to an unequal expenditure of energy to prevent my lapping, and leaving him in a weakened condition.

Abouth the twentieth mile, I felt myself giving away, bit by bit. My nose began to bleed and a dizziness seized me. I sucked a piece of lemon, and the sharp, biting sting took away momentarily that awful parched feeling in my mouth. My opponent was weakening, too, for he took stimulants. Now and then his trainer squirted vichy at his temples and feet.

"Cut out and break him," my trainer yelled to me, as I passed him in the twenty-first.

I responded to the appeal, but it was a terrible effort. Grimly, I dug my toes into the track and sprang to gain the lead; and, after sprinting a lap, I managed to distance him by a few yards. It told on me terribly, a strain like that after such a grind, but it was my only chance. Again, in the twenty-third mile, I tried the same tactics, straining every nerve, every tendon, and scraping the skin off my soles. I succeeded, but I became so bewildered that I could no longer distinguish the faces near the track.

My head was whirling, my throat, parched and raw with the dust and smoke. I began to circle the track with a sort of wabbling stride, my heart throbbing so that it seemed to break out of my body. My pace was slackening. I felt that, in spite of myself, I was going to give way. Close behind, I heard the thump of the Italian's feet.

"John!"

Like a flash I looked up and saw her standing by the track. That was all she said, but it put new strength into my tottering self. I became a different being. I tried to smile as I passed—I don't know whether I did or not—but the effect of her smile was as magic. It simply took the mist away and pulled me together. I gritted my teeth and went on and on, rather slowly, reserving my strength for that last mile.

It wasn't long before the signal came—a pistol-shot. I let out. Could I do it? I never prayed much, but then I did pray—it meant so much to me. I gradually gathered speed. Faster and faster I went, the Italian close behind. If I could not break him now, he would win. Two of the ten laps were gone; still I could hear his labored breathing, pursuing me like a ghost.

"Cut out, John!"

It was my trainer. I don't know how I did it, but I went with such a burst of speed on that third lap that it brought them all to their feet. Five laps—six laps—still at the same killing pace. Could I hold out? Half-insane, panting, with bruised feet, I hit the bark with desperate thuds.

Seven laps! Now eight!

I was lurching forward blindly, feeling my opponent gradually gaining. On, on we went, biting off the remaining distance at terrific speed. Now, with reeking, pain-racked bodies, we were abreast.

The last lap!

My torture was so great that I wanted to shriek. There was murder in my heart, as I saw the little fellow gaining.

Another corner, and then the end!

Suddenly, but a few feet from the finish, I saw him reel and fall. The next moment, I staggered across the line, and, with a choked sob, fell fainting in my trainer's arms.

* * *

Romulus and Remus.

Romulus and Remus were two little boys who never learned in early childhood that fine old saw about letting dogs delight to bark and bite. The saw also exhorted children not to let their angry passions rise, you may remember, inasmuch as their little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes. No, there was nothing like that in the early teachings of Romulus and Remus, who, though they were brought up in Italy, knew nothing whatever about the Montessori system.

Of course, we must remember, though, that the boys were brought up by an old she-wolf, honest, no doubt, as wolves go, but lacking in the finer social graces which go to make home the place the poets write about. Romulus and Remus, you know, had been dropped out in a cold, cold world after their parents got a divorce, and goodness only knows what would have happened to them had not the benevolent old wolf happened along. She, in her simple, untutored way, provided for them with nourishment and kept the other wolves from eating them, and, indeed, did all for them that any wolf could be expected to.

By and by they were kidnaped from her by an old shepherd, who took them home and adopted them, but it was too late. Years of association with sheep could not eradicate the wolfish tendencies they had acquired in youth, and about all Remus learned from the woolly grasseaters was to say "Bah!" whenever Romulus made a suggestion. Which, as you shall learn later, was a very unfortunate mannerism for Remus.

Well, though the boys' morals were not all that they might have been, and their tempers were somewhat wolfish, their bodies developed beautifully, and they used to practice various forms of track and field athletics every morning before breakfast. By and by they got along to the age when boys like to sneak away from work and go to town. Unfortunately there was no town to go to.

"Very well," said Romulus, "we will build a town."

"Bah!" said Remus, "you'll play Hades building a town."

Romulus said nothing, but looked at him with a fixed and glittering eye, the way the ancient mariner did at the wedding guest. And he began to scratch a big circle on the ground with a stick, which he explained, was the line of the wall he was going to build around the city.

"Bah!" said Remus, "why don't you build a city first before you start building a wall around it?"

And then he went off to rob a bird's nest, leaving his brother to perspire over the walls of Rome.

Romulus worked over the wall all day, collecting big flat stones and piling them one on top of another and by sundown he had built a twenty-foot stretch of wall about two feet high. And then along came the idle, trifling Remus, the one that had acquired the sheep characteristics while his brother remained wolf at heart.

"See," said Romulus, "I have a pretty fair start, and by the time the council decides what to do with that hill over there that the terminal company is going to give them, I probably will have this wall finished."

"Bah!" said Remus, and jumped over the wall to show his contempt for it.

"What do you mean by doing that?" said Romulus, getting up and glowering at him.

"This'll be useful for my track work," said Remus. "I can practice the low hurdles on this wall of yours, though I doubt if it's ever any good for anything else."

"Oh, indeed," said Romulus, quietly; "well, I can practice my field sports, too. Shotputting, for instance," and he picked up a large stone and heaved it at Remus and knocked him in the head.

That, children, was all for Remus. The old shepherd came along after a while and gathered him up, and they buried him under the daisy bed by the side of the house, and whenever the flowers began to bloom in the spring, tra-la, they remembered Remus.

There being no Juvenile Court in those days, Romulus got away scot free, and went ahead building his city, which became Rome after a while, and was fully as exciting as Romulus could have wished. Presumably the City Government never did anything about that hill, either, for there are seven of them there to this day.

* * *

So Sudden.

"I suppose," she said, after she had slyly glanced at the mirror to assure herself that her hair was becomingly arranged, "that you will think I am old-fashioned when I tell you that I have learned to darn as neatly as my grandma ever could."

"Oh, you can?" he replied.

"And I have taken a complete course in domestic science."

"It is getting to be quite fashionable for girls to do that, isn't it?"

"Not at all. I don't believe one girl in a hundred takes the course—no, not one in a thousand."

"What do you get out of domestic science?"

"Dear me! Haven't you been interested in it at all? I should think every man would be—every young man, especially. We get nearly everything that is worth while out of it. I have learned to cook and manage a household on scientific principles."

"That sounds interesting. Supposing you had a household now, how would you proceed to manage it?"

"Of course, it would all depend on the household. One wouldn't expect to manage a $20-a-week household in the same way that a $10,000-a-year household should be managed."

"Say a $40-a-week household. Do you think anything worth while could be done with that kind?"

"Oh, I'm sure I should be able to make it perfectly delightful. You see I am able to make my own shirtwaists, too, and, having an abundance of hair of my own, I shouldn't need to spend money for switches and such things."

"And I shave myself and hardly ever smoke, so my personal expenses wouldn't amount to much," he put in.

"And I know all about buying at the butcher's and the grocer's," she said.

"I have an uncle who is in the furniture business, and he would let me have such things as chairs, tables, bureaus, and beds at cost."

"Of course, father would expect to let me have my piano, and my cousin George, I think, would be able to fix it so that we could get rugs at a very reasonable price."

"Well, then, shall we consider it all settled?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, what we have been talking about. We're going to get married, aren't we?"

"Really, do you mean it?"

"Certainly. What did you suppose I meant?"

"Why, I—I thought you merely wanted me to explain domestic science. But, if you insist, I feel almost sure that I—that I can learn to love you. Would you want me to be ready as soon as a week from next Thursday?"

* * *

Her Call.

A tourist in rural Scotland, who took refuge for the night in the cottage of an old lady, asked her to wake him early in the morning. He warned her that he was quite deaf and hoped that she would not disturb the other guests by any loud noises.

Upon awakening, much later than the appointed hour, he found that the old lady, with strict regard for the proprieties, had slipped under his door a slip of paper upon which was written:

"Sir, it's hauf past eicht. Ye'ed better get up."

TO LEDGER READERS

We strongly advise our adult friends to read **"THE SPIDER CONQUEST; or, GURLOCK'S WIZARD WORK,"** in this issue. It is a most fantastic story, bearing out the idea of creating new forms of insect life by scientific "crossing," as Burbank, the California wizard, has done in the vegetable world. Read it. And boys, don't overlook a fine, new story for you in this issue, entitled, **"BOB BRIGHT'S ADVENTURES; or, HUNTING THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY."** In next week's Ledger an unusually strong railroad story, **AN ENGINEER'S NERVE; or, BURT CORBIN'S TEST,"** will appear. Take a whack at it; it will hold you. Also, the beginning of a series of eight extraordinary detective stories, entitled, **"FRONTIVARD, THE TERRIBLE; or, BROTHERS OF THE RED,"** by Stephen Gaillard. These stories are based on the secret crimes of the Blackhand conspirators in Chicago, and show how Frontivard, a wonderful detective, finally ferreted out and defeated the band. Take the Ledger regularly. It will pay you to do so.

MRS. RALEIGH'S SECRET

Or, The World's Standard

By Emma Howard Wight

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CHAPTER III (Continued).

"I DO NOT believe you, Mr. Shipley!" declared Helen, recovering herself. "How dare you say such a dreadful thing of a mother to her child?"

"It isn't a pleasant thing to do," Shipley admitted. "And I would not be so foolish as to say it unless it were true. I know how painful such a revelation must be to you," he added, with a touch of pity.

"Painful!" she wailed. "God have pity upon me if it indeed be true." She turned upon him passionately, desperately. "Is it true? There must be some mistake!" she cried piteously.

Shipley shook his head. "There is no mistake! It is the truth!"

She looked at him for a moment in silence, the conviction growing upon her that he was speaking the truth. Suddenly she collapsed upon a chair.

"How did you come to know?" she whispered, with white lips.

He came and stood beside her.

"Your mother bore a child to the man by whom she was employed as a stenographer," he began. The girl cowered under his words. "A crook, who ferrets out damaging secrets and uses his knowledge for the purpose of extorting money, a professional blackmailer, in fact, came here tonight to blackmail your mother."

"Oh, my poor, poor mother!" moaned Helen, anguish and tender pity in her voice.

"She would have been forced to pay him to prevent his going to her husband with his secret," continued Shipley. Helen started up, looking at him. "I bought the fellow off. Your mother is safe from him."

"That was good of you!" murmured the girl, gratefully.

Shipley moved uneasily. "I wasn't entirely disinterested," he admitted. She looked at him questioningly. "Your mother's secret is safe with me on one condition. You can guess what that is?"

She shook her head wearily. The shock of what she had learned had made her forget what he had said in the beginning of the conversation.

"That you become my wife." She arose slowly, staring at him. "That is what I meant when I said that the peace and happiness of your parents were in my hands."

A smile of unspeakable contempt flitted over her pale face. "You have your price—like the blackmailer," she said.

If he winced, he gave no sign of it. "If you like to put it so, yes. I have my price. I would have preferred to win you in another way. But there seemed no hope of that. I love you——"

She stopped him with a pleading gesture.

"You say you love me?" He mutely inclined his head. "I have always believed that love is generous, that love is kind. If you really love me, be kind, be generous. Do not force such a terrible alternative upon me."

"You do not understand how men love, Helen. A man's love is more selfish, more exacting than a woman's."

"I do not believe that all men's love is as you say," she declared. "There are men in the world whose love is unselfish, generous, and kind. My father's love for my mother is like that."

"You cannot tell until it is put to the test. Your mother deceived him. There are men who will not pardon such a deception as that."

"And you will tell my father unless I consent to become your wife?"

"Yes."

At that moment Anna came into the room. She stopped, looking questioningly from her pale-faced daughter to Shipley. There was a moment's tense silence, then Helen spoke, very quietly:

"Mother, Mr. Shipley has asked me to marry him. And I—consent."

CHAPTER IV.

UPON the following morning John Raleigh was seated in his library reading a newspaper, when Shipley was ushered in.

"Good morning, Mr. Shipley!" John laid down his paper and arose. The two men shook hands and sat down.

"I suppose your daughter has told you, Mr. Raleigh, that she has promised to become my wife?" said Shipley.

John Raleigh glanced at him in surprise. "No," he replied. "This is the first I have heard of it."

"I proposed to Miss Raleigh last evening, and she accepted me," Shipley explained. "Your wife is aware of that fact."

"She has said nothing to me in regard to the matter."

There was a moment's silence, a rather awkward silence.

"I trust the engagement meets with your approval, Mr. Raleigh?" queried Shipley, blandly.

"Since you ask me the question, Mr. Shipley, no, I do not altogether approve of it," replied John, quietly.

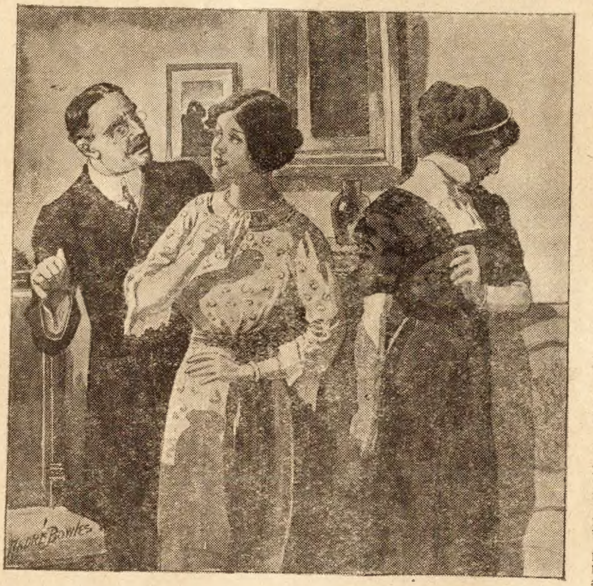
"I am sorry! I trust you have no very serious objection?"

"You are very much older than my daughter," replied John. "There is a great disparity in your ages. I do not approve of that."

Shipley smiled.

"Men of my age are apt to make the safest husbands," he declared. "Do you not agree with me?"

"Not entirely," dissented John Raleigh.



"What?"

"I think it depends upon the man, irrespective of age, as to whether or not he makes a good husband."

"I trust that I shall be able to make your daughter happy," said Shipley. "I shall make a pre-nuptial settlement of a million dollars upon Miss Raleigh," he added.

John Raleigh bowed.

"That is a large amount of money," he remarked quietly.

"I can well afford it," declared Shipley. "I am a very rich man, Mr. Raleigh!"

"Yes, I am aware of that," John Raleigh said calmly.

"John Raleigh is one man in a thousand," Shipley was thinking with a touch of grim amusement. "He is not mercenary. I cannot flatter myself that he is elated over his daughter's engagement to me. I have a suspicion that he would have preferred Paul Hamilton."

"I will tell Helen that you are here," John said, after a little while, rising.

As he left the room, Shipley started to his feet and began walking restlessly up and down the floor.

"I wonder if Raleigh has any suspicion that his daughter cares for Hamilton?" he murmured. "I must press for an early marriage. I have a fear that something may happen to prevent the fulfillment of my hopes. I shall not feel safe until Helen is my wife."

Helen entered the room. She was very pale. Shipley went eagerly to meet her.

"Helen!" He attempted to take her in his arms.

"Don't, please don't!" she cried, shrinking away from him.

He drew back with a deprecatory gesture. "I beg your pardon!"

She looked at him with eyes full of a hopeless misery.

"You see how it is with me," she said. She paused, waiting for him to speak, but he remained silent, his eyes fixed upon her reflectively. "I cannot bear even for you to touch me." Her words and the look in her eyes pierced even his perfect self-possession. He frowned and bit his lip. "I try not to feel that way, but I cannot help it," she continued, piteously. "I cannot feel differently! I never shall! Surely," looking at him, her misery touched with wonder, "you cannot wish to marry a woman who shrinks from the merest touch of your hand."

Shipley smiled with a touch of bitterness. "Strange as it may seem to you, I do," he said. She flashed a look of scorn upon him that gave, for the moment, light and color to her face. "Despite the fact that you cannot bear for me even to touch you, I still wish to marry you," he went on quietly. "There is nothing that changes the fact that I want you."

"Not even if I tell you that I despise you?" she said passionately.

"I am not sure that you do despise me," he replied thoughtfully.

"How can I help it?" she cried. "You are taking advantage of the most sacred feeling God has implanted in the human heart, a child's love for her parents, to serve an ignoble purpose, to force a helpless girl, into a marriage she abhors." Shipley turned from her, wincing. "It is cowardly! It is cruel and unmanly! Oh, do not do this thing! Be generous! Let me go!"

"I cannot let you go!" cried Shipley, passionately. She turned from him with a hopeless gesture, dropping wearily into a chair. He walked away from her, stood for a moment, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, staring gloomily at the floor. Then he returned and stood beside her. "If I believed that you would always feel toward me as you do now, I think I would let you go," he said. "But I do not believe it. I am sure you will feel differently after you are my wife." She made a dissenting gesture. "Oh, yes, you will! I know women! I understand you better than you understand yourself. You are sore and resentful. You fancy what you feel for me is intense aversion. You will get over that! You will become tired of nursing a grievance, you will grow tired of being miserable. You simply cannot help it, for you are young, you are in love with life, happiness is your right. You will not continue to thrust it from you. You will hold out your arms to embrace it."

"I shall never know happiness as your wife," declared Helen. "I could never for one moment forget that you forced me to marry you."

"You will forget it," declared Shipley, with conviction. "You take a severe, intolerant view of this matter, Helen, because you are very young and very inexperienced. If you were older, more worldly-wise, less innocent, you would take a more lenient view of my attitude toward you in regard to our marriage. Chance made it possible for me to win you. There are few men who would not have taken advantage of that chance."

"I do not believe that," declared Helen, incredulously. "On the contrary, I believe that few men would act as you are acting. But it is useless to continue arguing about it. If you are determined to use your power, I must submit. The happiness and peace of my parents are dearer to me than my own. If God gives me the strength, I will save them from such bitter suffering. I will sacrifice myself for them."

Shipley took a small jewel-case from his pocket.

"I have brought you a ring, Helen," he said, opening the case and lifting from it a circlet set with a magnificent diamond. "Will you let me put it on your finger?"

"If you wish," she replied listlessly. He took her hand very gently and placed the ring on her finger. She let her hand fall to her lap without a glance at the ring.

"When will you marry me, Helen?"

"I—I don't know!" she faltered. "Oh, not for a long, long time!"

"That would hardly be keeping to your part of the bargain," said Shipley, "to put it brutally." She shuddered. "Will you not let it be soon? There is no reason for delay. We can be married, say, in a month and go abroad. Think it over and let me have your decision. I will leave you now and return tomorrow."

"Very well," she murmured dully.

He started to go out, hesitated, and returned.

"Helen," he spoke with great gentleness and tenderness, "my love is not the selfish, cruel, pitiless thing you believe it to be. I shall prove this to you once you are my wife." He paused a moment, gazing passionately down upon her. "My love! my beloved!" he murmured.

He made a movement to take her in his arms, restrained himself, touched his lips to her hair, turned, and went out.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN RALEIGH came into the room a little later, and Helen rose to meet him, forcing a smile to her lips, making a desperate effort to hide her wretchedness.

"Mr. Shipley has gone?" queried her father.

"Yes, he has gone."

"I was surprised to learn from him that you had promised to marry him, Helen," and Raleigh gave her a keen, questioning look.

She averted her face. "Were you, father?"

"Yes, I thought you cared for Paul Hamilton, Helen. I trust you have not permitted that affair of Florine to influence you against Hamilton?"

She shook her head and a wan smile passed over her lips, as she replied, "No, that has not influenced me."

John Raleigh came and stood beside her, gazing down upon her questioningly. She had herself well under control and her face told him nothing. His eye caught the flash of the diamond on her finger. He lifted her hand gently, looking at the ring.

"It is very beautiful and very costly," he said. "Paul Hamilton could not afford to give you such a ring. Horace Shipley is the richer man, but I would rather you were going to marry Paul Hamilton."

She looked up at him. "Why, father?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I would then be sure you were marrying for love," he replied. "My child, do not marry Horace Shipley unless you love him," he continued earnestly. "Let nothing influence you to marry Horace Shipley unless you love him."

"You believe that, father?" She spoke almost breathlessly. "You believe that nothing should induce me to marry Horace Shipley unless—I love him?"

"Why, of course, I believe it," replied Raleigh, unhesitatingly. "There can be no real happiness in married life unless there is love. A loveless marriage is a crime against Nature, against the noblest instincts of the human heart."

Helen started to her feet, gazing at him with a strange eagerness. "You believe that nothing justifies a marriage without love, father?"

"I believe that nothing justifies a marriage without love," he replied. Helen's pale face flushed, her eyes lighted. "Your mother and I married for love. We have been perfectly happy."

She turned away, the light dying out of her face. It was a moment or two before she spoke.

"I am doing what I think is right in marrying Mr. Shipley, father," she said quietly.

"Are you sure of that, Helen?" Raleigh asked, regarding her with great earnestness.

She met his eyes steadily, bravely, as she replied, "Yes, father, I am sure of it."

He drew her to him and kissed her. "God bless you, my darling!"

"God help me to be strong for their dear sakes," the girl murmured, as her father left the room.

She was moving toward the door, intending to go to her room, when Paul

Hamilton entered. Helen involuntarily recoiled from him. He approached her eagerly.

"Why, how pale you are!" he exclaimed, with concern.

"I am tired; I have a headache," she murmured.

"Will you think me selfish if I ask you to let me talk to you a little while?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, then, with a suppressed sigh, she turned silently and seated herself. He came and stood beside her, his hand resting on the back of her chair.

"You remember, Helen, what I said to you last night when we were interrupted?"

"Yes."

"I love you! I love you, dear!" he continued softly, gently. "Helen, will you marry me?"

"No."

It was evident that her refusal came to him as a great shock. He stared at her for the moment speechless.

"You love me, and yet you refuse to marry me," he exclaimed, at length.

A faint flush rose in her pale cheeks. "You have no right to say that! I have never given you reason to think that I love you."

"Oh, yes, you have!" he declared. "You have not admitted it in words, but there are other ways by which a woman reveals her love. The blush on her cheek, the love-light in her eyes, the softness in her voice. Those things do not lie. You do love me, Helen!" She started to her feet, moving away from him. He followed her. "Why then do you refuse to marry me?"

She did not look at him, as she replied, "I am engaged to marry Horace Shipley."

He started. "What?" he cried. There was a moment's silence. "So Horace Shipley has bought you with his millions?" He waited a moment. She made no denial. "God! Is there no honest woman in the world? Has every woman her price?"

He walked away from her agitatedly. She looked after him with eyes of anguish and collapsed in a chair. He returned and stood looking down upon her. He was white to the lips, and there was a great pain and bitterness in his eyes.

"I believed you to be womanly and true. My love for you, my belief in you made a better man of me. I have my weakness, my follies, like other men. I put them away from me for your sake. I wanted to be worthy of you, of your love. Merciful God! how you have fooled and deluded me!"

He turned from her, dropped into a chair, and covered his face. Helen started to her feet, made a yearning movement toward him, then restrained herself.

"I am sorry," she murmured mechanically.

He arose, turning to her with an unspeakably bitter smile.

"Don't!" he said. "Such an expression from you is worse than mockery. It makes me soul-sick! How can a woman look as you look, so pure, so womanly, and do what you are going to do—sell herself, barter her youth, her freshness for money?"

"Don't, oh, don't!" cried Helen, her endurance almost at an end.

"If you are a delusion," he continued, relentlessly, "there is no true woman in the world. You have destroyed my faith in your sex. You have taught me that a woman can be the most deluding, the most cruel being on God's earth."

"Please do not say any more!" said Helen, struggling to maintain her self-control. "Please—go!"

"I am going!" He went toward the door as he spoke. There he turned and looked back at her. "I am going to ask Evelyn Armitage to marry me."

CHAPTER VI.

OH, HOW can I bear it?" cried Helen, wildly, as Paul went out. "I love Paul! I loathe Horace Shipley! It is killing me to make Paul suffer!"

She threw herself sobbing into a chair, as her mother entered the room. Anna went up to her quickly.

"Why, Helen, what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so miserable?" she exclaimed.

"Miserable!" exclaimed Anna. "Why, my darling, what is it? Tell me!"

Helen shrank from her. "I cannot, mother!"

"You cannot tell me, your mother, what is making you so unhappy?" asked Anna, incredulously. She paused. Helen did not speak. "Has it something to do with Paul Hamilton? I met him outside in the corridor. He looked pale and strange. What happened between you, Helen?"

"He told me that he loved me; he asked me to become his wife," Helen replied, in a low voice.

"And you told him you were engaged to Horace Shipley?" Helen mutely inclined her head. "Poor fellow!" Helen winced. "Helen, I thought you cared for Paul Hamilton," continued Anna. "You do not love Horace Shipley; you are marrying him for his money."

"No, mother, no!" Helen protested.

"Then why are you going to marry him?" persisted Anna.

"Please don't ask me, mother! I cannot tell you!"

"This is all very strange," said Mrs. Raleigh. "I must know what it means. If you will not tell me, Helen, I shall have your father seek an explanation of Horace Shipley."

Helen looked at her with wide, frightened eyes. "No, no, mother, you must not do that!" she cried.

"You shall not marry Horace Shipley, Helen!"

"I must marry him, mother! If I refuse he will tell father——" she paused abruptly.

"Tell your father what, Helen?"

"About—about you, mother."

"About—me?"

"Yes, about—oh, mother, do not make me say it! Horace Shipley knows about what happened before you married father!"

"Oh, God!"

"Mother!"

"He has told you, my child—that?" She dropped to her knees beside Helen's chair. "I have prayed, prayed that you, my child, might never know. Heaven turned a deaf ear to my prayers." She cowered in abasement at Helen's feet. "Oh, God! Is this my punishment? To lose the respect, the love of my child?"

Helen knelt beside her mother and lifted her from the floor. "Mother, don't talk in that way! You are breaking my heart! Nothing could lessen my love for you."

"And you do not shrink from me—despise me?" Anna murmured piteously.

"No, mother! I am your child, not your judge."

"My sin cannot be so great in the eyes of God, or He would not be so kind, so merciful to me in this hour," exclaimed the suffering woman.

Helen had arisen and lifted her mother to her feet. "Oh, mother, I tried so hard to be strong and brave," she said. "I never intended for you to know."

"Thank Heaven I do know before it is too late," exclaimed Anna, passionately.

"Too late for what, mother?"

"To prevent your marrying Horace Shipley."

"You must not try to prevent it, mother. I must marry him for your sake and father's."

"No, not even for our sakes would I permit you to marry that man," declared Anna, firmly. "But thank Heaven, it is not in his power to do us any harm." Helen looked at her questioningly. "I did not deceive your father, Helen. He knows—all."

"Oh, mother, is it true?" cried Helen, joyously.

"Yes, your father was told before our marriage, Helen. I loved him too dearly to deceive him. I could never have been happy as his wife if I had done so."

"I should have known that, mother," said Helen.

"Your father loved me, Helen, as few men are capable of loving and it made no difference to him."

"He does not love you any more than you deserve, mother," declared Helen, stoutly.

"God bless you, my darling, for those words!" murmured Anna, brokenly. "No woman was ever more blessed in husband and child than I. And to think that you have sacrificed yourself for me, my darling!"

"It did not seem quite so hard until I saw how unhappy I was making Paul," said Helen.

"You must write to Horace Shipley at once, Helen, and break the engagement," said Anna. "What a despicable coward the man is!"

Helen went and seated herself at the writing table. The color had come back to her cheeks and she was smiling.

"Paul will be very happy when he knows, mother," she said.

"Yes, indeed!" Anna smiled at her.

"I shall send back this ring with the letter," said Helen, removing the sparkling circlet from her finger with a gesture of repulsion. "Father said that Paul could not afford to give me so costly a ring." She laughed happily. "As if I cared!" She looked toward Anna in sudden consternation. "Oh, mother, Paul said he was going to ask Evelyn Armitage to marry him!"

Anna smiled. "I am sure he didn't mean it, dear! Now write your note."

"Father will be glad the engagement is broken," she said, as she prepared to write. "He did not want me to marry Horace Shipley. What shall I write him, mother?"

Anna came and stood beside the writing table.

"Say to Horace Shipley that you take back the promise to marry him, that he possesses no power over you, that your father knows about—me."

At that moment John Raleigh came into the room. Helen was writing her note. Anna turned and went to meet her husband.

"You have seen by the papers that Edward Allandale has brought suit against his wife for divorce, have you not, Anna?" he asked, as he sat down.

"Oh, yes," she replied, seating herself near him. "The papers have been full of it."

"Mrs. Allandale has asked me to defend her, to take her case," said Raleigh.

Anna looked pleased. "I am so glad, John!" she exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"Why are you glad?" he asked quietly.

"Why?" She appeared a little surprised at the question. "The case, because of the prominence of the parties involved, their wealth, will attract a great deal of attention. It will be a celebrated case. There will be fame in it for you, John. And," she smiled, "the fee is not to be despised."

"That is all true," admitted Raleigh. "Nevertheless, I have refused to take Mrs. Allandale's case."

"Why, John!" exclaimed Anna, disappointedly.

"My sympathies are with Allandale," John Raleigh went on to explain. "His wife is undoubtedly a guilty woman." Anna looked at him half piteously, half bewilderedly. "I shall take no hand in trying to do Allandale out of his divorce. I trust he will get it."

Anna did not speak for a moment or so. A slight quiver passed over her face.

"I did not know you felt so strongly in regard to such matters," she said, at length. "Few lawyers would regard the matter from your—standpoint," she added, with rather a forced smile.

"Perhaps not," admitted Raleigh. "But that is the way I regard it. I cannot look at it from a professional standpoint."

Anna did not say any more. There was silence. Helen arose and came toward her father, the note she had written in her hand. She stopped behind her father and slipped her arms about his neck. He smiled and patted her hand affectionately. She held the note she had written before him.

"Read this, father, please," she said.

"'Mr. Shipley,'" John Raleigh read aloud. "'I take back my promise to marry you.'" John Raleigh nodded his head approvingly, and continued reading. "'You have no power over me.'" He paused an instant, with a perplexed frown. "'I have nothing to fear from you. My father knows about my mother.'" The perplexity was deepening on Raleigh's face. "'He knew all before he married my mother.

"'HELEN RALEIGH.'"

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN RALEIGH took the note from Helen and stared at it as though to convince himself that he had read aright. Then he turned and looked at her.

"What is all this about, Helen?" he asked, with a touch of sternness. "What is it I am supposed to have known about your mother?"

Helen stared at him, shrinkingly. "Horace Shipley knows about mother, father," she said, in a low voice.

"Knows—what?" asked Raleigh.

Helen's face flushed painfully. Her eyes fell. She remained silent.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Anna, with a compassionate glance at Helen, "you know what she means, to what she refers."

Raleigh looked from Helen to Anna bewilderedly.

"You are mistaken. I do not know!" he declared, with decision. "I haven't the remotest conception what it all means."

Helen looked from her father to her mother in a distressed manner.

"I demand to know what hold Horace Shipley holds over my daughter," added John Raleigh, with a look upon his face neither of them had ever seen before.

"Horace Shipley knows about me, John," said Anna, falteringly.

"Knows what about you?"

She looked at him bewilderedly. "I mean what Mother Briggs told you the day you asked me to become your wife."

"That you were not her own daughter, that you had known trouble and hardship, that you were subjected to the advances of a scoundrel by whom you were employed?"

"I did not refer to all that," replied Anna. "But to that other thing she told you."

Helen moved a little away from them, turning away her face.

"That was all she told me."

"Oh, no, John, not all!" she paused a moment and a crimson flush crept into her face. "She also told you that I had been the mother of a child."

"What?"

He stared at her as though he could not believe that he had heard aright. A terrible misgiving seized upon Anna. She grew white and her limbs trembled. Helen turned, looking from her father to her mother.

"Why do you look at me like that, John?" cried Anna. She went a little nearer to him. "You—knew, John? Mother told you?"

"No, she did not tell me—that," declared John Raleigh. "She omitted that, leaving me under the impression that you fancied I would not want to marry you because of those other things she had told me."

"Poor mother!" came like a sob from Anna's lips. "She wanted me to be happy."

"She was guilty of an unpardonable deception," declared John Raleigh. "Why did you leave it to her to tell me? Why did you not tell me yourself?"

"I tried to do so, John, but it was so hard. Mother said she would tell you. Oh, John, you believe me, do you not?" She paused; he remained silent. "Oh, John, you do not believe that I deceived you?" she continued. "Speak to me! Tell me that you believe I am telling you the truth!"

"How can I be sure that you are speaking the truth?" said John Raleigh. "You have been a living lie for twenty years!"

Anna shrank as though under a blow. Helen went swiftly to her father and laid her hand on his arm.

"Father, oh, father! What are you saying?" she cried, with unspeakable reproach.

He paid no heed to her. His face was white and very stern.

"John, have I ever told you an untruth during all the years of our married life?" asked Anna. "Have I ever deceived you in any respect? You know that I have not. You must believe me now. I never doubted that mother had told you—all. I understand why she omitted to do so. Her heart failed her at the last moment. She loved me, she wanted me to be happy. She feared you would not marry me—if you knew."

"Her fears were not groundless," declared John Raleigh, grimly.

"You mean——" The words died on her lips. She stood gazing at him, silently, breathing hurriedly.

"That I would not have married you—had I known."

Helen turned away, covering her face. For a moment there was a tense silence, then Anna spoke with unutterable sadness.

"John, I have been a faithful, loving wife to you for twenty years. I have made your home a happy one. I am the mother of your child. Does all this count for naught?"

Helen dropped her hands and looked questioningly at her father.

"It has no power to change my decision," was his reply.

"What decision?"

"We must separate."

Anna stood gazing at him, a faint, pathetic smile about her lips.

"Oh, father, you do not mean that! You cannot mean it!" cried Helen.

He silenced her with an imperative gesture.

"There is no other way," he said, addressing Anna. "It may be true that you were not a party to the deception." She looked at him very steadily. "I do not believe that you were," he added, as he met her eyes. "But that cannot make you what I believed you to be—a stainless woman. We must separate, live apart. I will provide for you liberally."

She shook her head. "I cannot take money from you, John," she declared.

"That is sheer nonsense!" he exclaimed, with a touch of impatience.

"Perhaps it is! But I cannot do it."

"How do you propose to live?"

"I shall go back to the farm," Anna answered. "Father will give me a home. I will go today."

She started toward the door. He made no movement to stop her. Helen followed her.

"Helen, where are you going?" asked John Raleigh.

She turned and looked back at him. "I am going with mother!" she replied.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Of the Middle Ages.

Speaking of a certain wedding the other night, one of the conversationalists referred to "youthful lovers," but Senator John H. Blankhead of Alabama insisted that the term did not always apply. To back his assertion, he told this story:

During a reception some time ago, the Senator said, one of the guests chanced to notice a couple sitting on a sofa half hidden by palms, who seemed very attentive to each other. A half-hour later they were still there, billing and cooing in the same sweet way.

"They are acting just like sweethearts," remarked the guest to the hostess, "and yet they are not young."

"He is fifty-five and she is forty-nine," responded the hostess, glancing at the pair in question, "but they are very much in love."

"Ah, I see," smilingly observed the guest. "A romance of the middle ages."

* * *

Blunders.

Sign in St. Louis: "Residents built and sold on the installment plan."

From a baker's handbill: "Everything prepared with unscrupulous cleanliness.

Wine dealer's circular: "This is quite the equal of any of the finest wines and the peer of many."

A Chicago haberdasher declares on his window card that he is being "sold out by unrelentless creditors."

From a sight-seeing-wagon circular: "There is no choice to be made in these tours, as one is even more interesting than the other."

From an English paper: "The new spring styles are so varied that no one can fail to obtain a hat that will not suit them."

Pathetic, though blundering, comment of an Oakland editorial writer on the death of a friend: "Many years will roll by ere his friends will cease to forget him."

The Spider's Conquest

Or, Gurlock's Wizard Work -:- By Will Lisenbee

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CHAPTER I.

THE Princess, a superb yacht carrying the American flag, slipped like a wraith along the bosom of the Amazon River, leaving a long sinuous trail of smoke in the windless air. The vertical rays of the equinoctial sun touched with points of flame the polished brass of the Princess, sending waves of blistering heat up from the deck.

On all the wide waste of waters there was no other sign of the presence of man. To the north, a mile away, the shore lay a wall of green, with a fringe of palms running to the water's edge. Beyond this stretched the impenetrable forest, primordial, mysterious, with its thousand snares set for human life!

Delbert Ffrench, a young man of thirty, owner of the Princess, lounged lazily in a steamer chair under an awning, lifting at intervals a binocular which he turned in the direction of the shore.

Nearby, his hand resting on the rail, stood Captain Moddington, a little runt of a man with square shoulders and a chin to match, with streaks of white about his temples. The bronzed features of Captain Moddington revealed a sharp contrast to those of the younger man. The face of Moddington was that of a man who has met the vicissitudes of life with a calm resolution to give battle without asking quarter; and the lines about his face and the streaks of white about his temples showed that, while he had made an aggressive fight, the encounter had not left him without a scar.

The face of Delbert Ffrench indicated that life had been pleasant to him, and while there was in his dark brown eyes something that suggested the dreamer, the square chin and firm lips denoted strength of character and mental poise. Altogether, his face was a pleasing one, revealing an abundance of good humor, intellectuality, and a kindly disposition; a student, too, one might easily surmise from the thoughtful cast of the countenance.

For many years these two men had been close friends, and they had run over the world together, had visited obscure corners of the earth in search of knowledge, pleasure, and adventure, and of these they had found their share. But now, in the year of 1925, Delbert Ffrench and Captain Moddington were about to become involved in a series of the most startling adventures of their lives.

Delbert Ffrench, was the son of Abram Ffrench, who had made his millions in the gold fields of Alaska twenty years before, and ten years later he had died, leaving the son the sole heir to his millions.

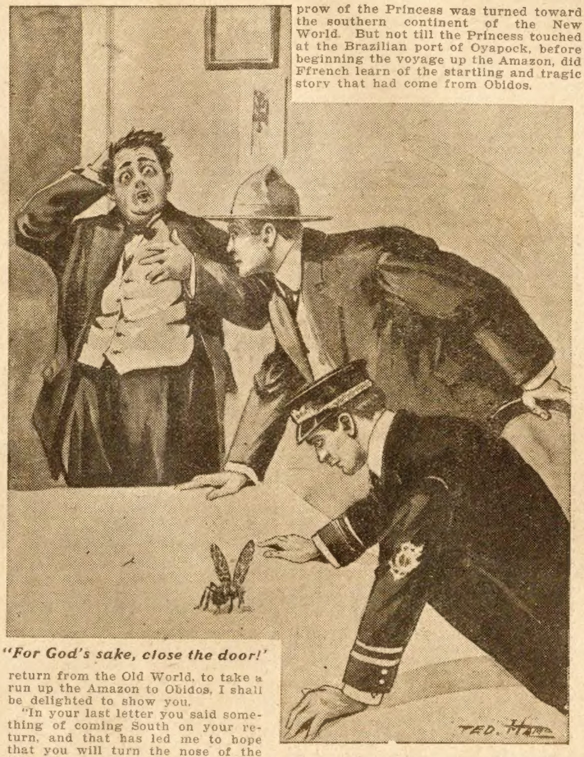
The Ffrenches lived in Boston, and while at Harvard, Delbert had made the acquaintance of Professor Simon Gurlock, a noted biologist, and his daughter Dorothy, a charming girl yet in her 'teens. Something had drawn young Ffrench and the scientist together, and they had become warm friends. It might have been that Gurlock was attracted by the younger man's interest in biological research, and it might have been that Gurlock's learning on the subject had drawn Delbert Ffrench to him; and on the other hand a pair of deep blue eyes set in a charming oval face might have had something to do with it.

But just at a most interesting stage of this acquaintance, Professor Gurlock had taken his daughter and flitted away to South America, where he intended to make a study of animal life in the great valley of the Amazon, which offered an inviting field for his labors.

Captain Moddington who had been captain of the Merry Gull, a vessel owned by Abram Ffrench, was placed in charge of the yacht Princess, when it came into the possession of young Ffrench, and a few weeks later, Delbert having resolved to take a look at some obscure corners of the world, the prow of the Princess was turned toward the Old World.

At intervals Delbert Ffrench heard from Professor Gurlock, who was near Obidos, on the Amazon, engaged in making some strange experiments of which he only hinted vaguely. One of these letters which reached Delbert while he was staying in Paris, having been forwarded from Boston, told of some wonderful results he had achieved in his experiments with insect life. In conclusion he wrote:

> "I am sending this to your Boston address, hoping it will be forwarded to you and come up with you somewhere in your wanderings. The work I am doing here and the amazing results that have followed, I cannot attempt to describe, but if you can make it convenient, on your return from the Old World, to take a run up the Amazon to Obidos, I shall be delighted to show you.
>
> "In your last letter you said something of coming South on your return, and that has led me to hope that you will turn the nose of the Princess up the Amazon and accept my invitation to come and visit me when you come South. I am not staying in the city, of course, but the proprietor of the Hotel St. Denis —who is an American from Cape Cod—will provide you a guide who will bring you to my workshop."



"For God's sake, close the door!'

But it was three months before Delbert Ffrench left Europe, and in the meantime the newspapers had been attracted by the results of Professor's Gurlock's experiments. It was asserted that the noted biologist was achieving such results as had only existed in the dreams of other scientists, and that he had created a number of new species of insects and animals and reptiles, by a newly discovered process of mixing the species by artificial amalgamation.

What Burbank had done for plant life, Professor Gurlock was now doing for animal life. The scientific world was electrified, and the newspapers seized upon Gurlock's work with their usual avidity when a new sensation appears, and after the announcement in the New York Herald that the Professor had produced a flying lizard which was on exhibition in Obidos, and that still more startling achievements had been made in mixing the species, the doings of Professor Gurlock became a feature in all the leading papers of America. Special staff men were rushed to Obidos by the New York dailies, and their accounts of the wonderful achievements of the great American biologist were the sensation of the day, and the matter was taken up and discussed by scientists throughout Europe and America.

Some of these ridiculed the reports, and declared the whole affair to be a hoax originated by the yellow journals of America, while others not only accepted the wonderful reports as true, but predicted that the discoveries of Professor Gurlock would lead to a complete revolution of all animal species of the earth, and that it would not be surprising if in time all animal life could be changed and shaped in its anatomy and character to suit the wishes of man.

The subject was seized upon by the humorous papers, and a swarm of alligators was depicted as flying over the Amazon in pursuit of the vessels that navigated the stream, while another pictured a war vessel turning its guns on an attacking flock of flying whales.

The account of Professor Gurlock's wonderful discoveries was, as may well be supposed, of great interest to Delbert Ffrench, and on leaving London, the prow of the Princess was turned toward the southern continent of the New World. But not till the Princess touched at the Brazilian port of Oyapock, before beginning the voyage up the Amazon, did Ffrench learn of the startling and tragic story that had come from Obidos.

The papers were teaming with it, and in Oyapock there was much excitement. The story had come from Obidos that a great pest in the form of winged spiders had appeared in the vicinity of Manaos, a city lying at the confluence of the Rio Negro with the Amazon, and that the deadly attacks made by the venomous spiders on the inhabitants was causing a panic among the natives. Many had already died from the effects of the bites of the spiders, and it was stated that Professor Gurlock was responsible for the creation of these dreadful venomous winged creatures which were menacing the lives of the people, as it was well known that the Professor had conducted his experiments near Manaos more than a year before, and that at that time certain specimens of winged spiders which had resulted from his experiments had escaped and were now being multiplied by the million throughout that region.

A dispatch from Manaos which appeared in an Oyapock paper, printed in Spanish, made some serious charges against Professor Gurlock, concluding with this paragraph:

> "There is no doubt that Gurlock, the American professor, is responsible for the existence of this pest, for it is well known here that he had in his possession, among other specimens, spiders identical with the dangerous pests that are now threatening the lives of our people. This comes of setting aside the laws of God, and trying to improve on His works. This Yankee savant is offending God, and who shall say if his work is not intended to destroy our people that the Yankees may possess our country? We shall see. Professor Gurlock took the first steamer for Manaos, where, it is said, he will investigate the new pest, and if it proves to be as reported, he will endeavor to provide some means of combating the pest by devising scientific measures for its extermination. In the meantime the reports that keep coming in indicate that a great danger threatens us, and who shall say that this Yankee savant will not increase rather than diminish the danger?"

This was only one of many such attacks aimed at Professor Gurlock by the papers, and Delbert Ffrench was keenly alive to the danger that threatened the Professor and his daughter. For this reason he left Oyapock at once, and the prow of the Princess was turned up the Amazon.

And now the Princess was nearing Manaos, as the pilot taken aboard at Oyapock informed them, and with every moment Delbert Ffrench felt increasing anxiety.

At Obidos, where they had touched on their journey up the river, rumors were abroad that a grave state of affairs existed in the region in and about Manaos, that the spiders were spreading a panic among the natives along the Rio Negro, and that they were actually invading the city. It was also said that Professor Gurlock was at an old mission building a dozen miles inland from Manaos, where, in company with his daughter and some friends, he was making a study of the new pest with a view of discovering means for its destruction. It was this, perhaps, that prevented the people from doing him violence.

It was something like a thrill of vague apprehension that came over Delbert Ffrench as he thought of the danger that threatened Professor Gurlock and his daughter. At any moment the ignorant natives might take it into their heads to bring vengeance upon him for the calamity that was upon them. Now, as the Princess was turned up the Rio Negro, Ffrench turned to Captain Moddington, and flinging his hand in the direction of a white cross that gleamed through a gap in the foliage of the trees, some miles up the river, said, "That must be Manaos!"

The Captain leveled his glass in that direction. "There is no doubt about it," he said.

"Then we may as well get ready to go ashore," remarked Ffrench. "I think we should not lose a moment in reaching the old mission where Gurlock is quartered."

"You are right," nodded the Captain. "There is no telling when the natives may attack Professor Gurlock."

"And above all," pursued Ffrench, "the object that brings us here must be kept a secret, and just as soon as we can procure a guide, we'll be off for the old mission. My first move will be to induce Professor Gurlock and his daughter to come aboard the Princess at once, and then we'll race for the open sea! If matters are as reported, it would be madness for the Professor to remain here a minute longer than is absolutely necessary."

"I am inclinded to believe that many of the reports are but exaggerations," declared Captain Moddington. "These people are of a suspicious and superstitious nature, and can easily be led into the belief that any foreigner is an enemy."

"That is true, but these reports are too well authenticated to admit of much doubt as to the gravity of the situation. I shall not be satisfied till I have seen the Professor and learned the truth from his own lips."

CHAPTER II.

IT WAS night in Manaos, and the moon rising over the city, was pouring a flood of yellow light over the quaint stucco houses. From the heart of the city, silent and spectral, the great white cathedral rose sentinel-like against the dusky purple of the sky.

South of the plaza, along the wide esplanade, the palms flung their black shadows across the path of the gayly dressed throng that moved like the flowing of a stream through the sunlight and shade. Faintly came the sounds of music from the cafes above the babble of many voices.

With feverish haste, Captain Moddington who, with Delbert Ffrench, had come ashore from the Princess three hours before, pushed his way through the crowd, crossed the plaza, and entered the Hotel Royal. As he entered he saw Delbert Ffrench coming in from the west entrance, and at a signal from Delbert the Captain followed him to his own room. The faces of the two men wore a serious cast. Ffrench was the first to speak.

"You found Donald Dart?" he asked.

"Yes. He will be here within a half-hour."

Donald Dart was an American—a New Yorker—a detective employed by the American Surety Company to hunt down certain individuals who were avoiding the public gaze on account of shortages in their accounts. Learning that Dart was in the city, Delbert Ffrench, who knew the detective and had employed him in a case of a lost diamond a year before, sent for him at once; for there was grave need for his services, if the startling news that had greeted Delbert and the Captain on their arrival was true.

"And did Dart give you any information about the startling news that has reached the city?" asked Ffrench.

"He said that he feared that the reports were only too true!"

"Great heavens! Then what could have become of Professor Gurlock and his daughter?"

Ffrench's face was pale as he spoke, and his voice was a little unsteady.

"I'm afraid that that is going to be a hard question to answer," replied the Captain. "But Dart does not believe that any violence has been done to them, from the best information he could get. In fact, he thinks the American professor and his daughter escaped from the old mission building before the mob made the attack upon it. The detective had but a moment to talk to me, as he had a very important matter on hand. But he will be here directly, and promises to help us in every way possible."

Delbert Ffrench got up and paced the room with restless energy. He was turning over in his mind briefly the small details of the affair relating to the attack made by the enraged natives on the place where Professor Gurlock was quartered.

The evening papers had printed a brief account of it, detailing further ravages of the mysterious and deadly menace to human life which were called "Yankee Spiders," and of the sudden uprising of the people to wreak vengeance on the supposed creator of the pests. The mob, it appeared, had gained access to the old building, but had failed to find the American professor, and were still searching for him.

One of the evening papers had printed a brief editorial in which it deplored the attack made on the American savant, but hoped it would prove a warning to others who might come to the Brazilian republic to "change the laws of God and expose the people to the result of their unholy labors!" It was evident that there was little sympathy for the American, and that the Government authorities would be tardy in giving him protection.

While Delbert Ffrench was turning the matter over in his mind, Donald Dart arrived and was shown into the room. He shook hands cordially with Delbert, but he waved aside the chair offered him.

"I hardly think we have time to discuss the affair here," he said. "I have a car waiting for us, and I think you and your friend," he turned to Captain Moddington, "had best come with me at once."

"You have had fresh news?" asked Delbert, as he prepared to accompany the detective.

"Nothing regarding Professor Gurlock or his daughter," replied Dart, "but I can see serious trouble brewing for Americans who may be found in the city."

"Why is that?" asked Delbert.

"Spiders!" said Dart. "The report is current on the streets that the pests have invaded the city, that two victims are now insane from the bites of the spiders, and are being taken to the hospital! But come!"

The three men left the hotel a few moments later by the side entrance, and entering the motor car that stood in waiting, they were drawn swiftly away.

The people in the streets no longer strolled leisurely, but gathered here and there and everywhere in little knots; they were talking and gesticulating excitedly.

"They are talking about the spiders," said Dart, "and there's going to be trouble before the night is over. Ah! look!"

He let the car run slowly. Across the plaza there was a feverish stir among the crowd. People were hurrying hither and thither as if panic-stricken. And now a shriek rose above the babble of many voices—a prolonged, blood-curdling shriek that cut the air like a knife.

A man had flung himself out of the little group that collected about him, and ran shrieking across the plaza. As he ran he fought and struck, and seemed battling with some invisible foe. A policeman ran in pursuit, and the crowd in a panic spread out like a swarm of bees. And now, turning and twisting through the air like autumn leaves whirled before a gust of wind, a swarm of dark objects swept over the plaza. As they turned downward, the dark specks resolved themselves into winged creatures that gleamed under the electric lights like bits of floating flame.

At sight of these the crowd became a seething mass of terrified humanity. In the mad rush to escape, the weaker portion were knocked down and ran over, and the cries of the unfortunate mingled with the muffled sound of the rush of many feet. They swept in every direction, rushing like a storm about the car driven by Dart, and plunging into cover wherever it was afforded.

"Good God!" gasped the detective, hoarsely. "It is the spiders!"

He put the car to greater speed, skillfully picking his way through the rushing crowd, and turning into a street leading northward, swept swiftly away from the scene of panic and terror.

"There's going to be a rough time here tonight," said Dart, "and it is a wise American who keeps under cover. Those spiders will set the people wild!"

"It is quite enough to drive them mad!" said Ffrench. "Good heavens! Do you suppose the madman we saw running and shrieking had really been bitten by one of the spiders?"

"There's no doubt about it," declared Dart. "And that is not all; no one is safe to be abroad in the city tonight. Those spiders operate by night, and that makes them all the more dangerous, and from the reports which have come in during the last twenty-four hours and from what we have seen tonight, it isn't hard to gather the idea that the time has come for those who can get away to do so at once, and give South America a wide berth."

"By George! I believe you are right," declared Delbert. "That makes it all the more imperative that we should get in touch with Professor Gurlock without a moment's delay."

"That is one of the reasons I asked you to come with me at once," said Dart. "We are now on our way to a sort of road house three miles north of the city, on the road leading to the mission where Gurlock has been quartered. The proprietor of the inn is an American, a friend of mine, and as he has a wide acquaintance among the natives, and possesses their confidence as well, he will be able and willing to aid us in the work of finding Professor Gurlock."

A five minutes' run, and they had left the city behind and were running swiftly along a narrow country road. The air was heavy with the odors of rich vegetation, and the black walls of the impenetrable forest, with the branches meeting overhead, gave the narrow roadway the aspect of a tunnel, the darkness of which the motor lights cut through like tongues of white flame.

The car swung round a curve, up a gentle slope, and into a wide open space. To the left a wide low building rose out of the shadows of surrounding trees, and lights winked obscurely through the feathery foliage of the palms.

"This is the inn," announced Dart, as he brought the car to a stop in front of the structure. The trio tumbled out and approached the entrance.

A silence brooded over the place, and no sign of life was visible. As they entered the wide porch they almost stumbled over something that lay in the shadow of one of the columns. Dart, who was in advance of the others, stopped abruptly, bent over the object huddled there, and uttered a quick gasp of amazement. It was the body of a man. It required but a single glance to tell that he was dead!

A ray of light coming from one of the windows of the inn fell upon the upturned face. It was of a greenish yellow, with a dark spot on the left cheek. He was a man of some thirty years, evidently a Spaniard, and from his dress it might be inferred that he had been one of the servants at the inn.

The three men stood looking down at the grewsome sight, shocked into silence. Dart stooped and laid his hand over the man's heart.

"He's dead!" he announced. "What does this mean? Where is the landlord?"

He glanced about and through the wide door of the inn that stood ajar.

There was no living soul to be seen. A deathly silence reigned over the place, broken only by the muffled hum of insects that came from the dark wall of the forest.

"This is bad business," said Captain Moddington, moving toward the door. "Murder, if I am not mistaken!"

He stopped abruptly. A strange, buzzing sound came from behind. There was a fleeting glimpse of a winged creature as it shot through a ray of light and struck Moddington on the shoulder with a soft thud. At the same instant Dart leaped forward, and with a quick blow with his hat, struck the creature to a nearby table, where it lay writhing in death.

It was a great spider, of a tawny yellow, with lacelike wings of the deepest purple. The dull, metallic glow of its eyes showed through the darkness as it struggled and fought vengefully at a book the detective had seized to crush it.

"That," said Dart, as the book descended, "is one of those spiders of death. Great heavens, Captain! What an escape you had!" He turned his gaze to the body of the stranger huddled where it had fallen. "It was one of these," he added, with a shiver, "that killed the man lying out there!"

"Good Lord!" cried the Captain. "Can it be possible?"

"There is no doubt about it," nodded Dart. "The color of the face and the dark spot on the cheek correspond with the reports concerning the appearance of the victims of the spiders. The effect is not always the same. Sometimes the bite causes insanity, but in the majority of cases death results in a few minutes. We must be on our guard else we may share the fate of the poor fellow lying there."

Dart led the way into the lobby of the inn. There was no one there. A couple of chairs lay overturned, and there were other visible evidences of a struggle in the room. A dark spot here and there, where one of the deadly spiders had been crushed, pointed mutely to the tragic drama that must have been enacted in the room within the last hour.

"The place seems to be deserted," said Dart, gazing about the room and noting the overturned chairs and other evidence of panic and confusion. "Can it be possible that the spiders invaded the inn and drove the inmates away?"

"It surely looks that way," agreed the Captain. "Suppose we take a look through the house? We may find some one who can enlighten us as to this dreadful business."

The words had barely left his lips when a door leading into the proprietor's private office opened, and the landlord appeared. His face wore a haggard look, and in his eyes there was the lurking shadow of terror. He trembled as he came in, and sinking into a chair, he murmured weakly:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, close the door! The spiders!"

His voice sank into a choking whisper, and he flung his hand toward the spots on the floor where the spiders had been crushed. Dart closed the door, and coming back, took a seat close to the landlord.

"We can well imagine something dreadful has happened, Mr. Bentley," he said.

"It was dreadful!" quavered the landlord. "Mr. Dart, will you kindly pour me a glass of liquor and help yourself and your friends to a drink?" He flung his hand toward a big bottle and some glasses behind the bar. "I'm all broke up," he added in a husky voice.

Dart brought the liquor, poured out a glass for Bentley, and served his friends and himself. The color came back into Bentley's face as he sipped the liquor.

"I'm not a drinking man, ordinarily, gentlemen," he said, as he drained his glass, "but I've passed through enough in the last hour to make a man drink or do something to bring back his nerve. I had just finished talking to you over the 'phone, Mr. Dart, when I heard some one scream—one of the women servants. I ran into the diningroom, and there I saw one of the diningroom girls striking with a broom at something that was flying at her. A glance showed me that a winged spider was circling about her and making dives in her direction, as you have no doubt seen a hornet dab after flies.

"She was screaming at every blow, and the sound of her cries penetrated through the house and brought every one running into the room. And just then I noticed that, through a window where the screen had been left open, a swarm of flying spiders was entering. I had barely time to notice this when Leon, my cook, rushed into the room, screaming at the top of his voice and fighting some imaginary object which he seemed to think was pursuing him through the air. I knew at once that he was mad—that he had been bitten by one of the spiders.

"I want to tell you, gentlemen, that if ever a cold chill went up my spinal column it did it then and there. The swarm of spiders was darting and dabbing at every one in the room, and the dozen or so of people who had come running in to see what the trouble was, were thrown into a panic, the like of which I never before witnessed in all my life.

"They made a mad rush to get out of the room, and ran in a shrieking, hideous stream into the office, where they collided with the guests that were stopping at the inn, and then such a pandemonium and panic as ensued I never before saw.

"I ran to the office only to see the mad mass of shrieking and frenzied humanity break through the door and go swarming out into the darkness. The house seemed to be alive with spiders, and to escape them I ran into my private office and closed the door behind me." He paused while he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "I am the only one

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left in the house," he went on. "God only knows what has become of the crowd that fought its way through the door and out into the night. Leon, poor soul! is lying out there on the porch, dead! That is the dreadful situation here, gentlemen, and this panic is spreading everywhere, no doubt. So you will see, Mr. Dart, that it is quite impossible for me to give you any assistance in the matter you spoke to me about over the 'phone, as the parties I intended to put at your service cannot be reached now. I tell you, men, this is dreadful!"

"It isn't anything less," agreed Dart. "Our plain duty right now, Mr. Bentley, is to give you what assistance we can. The first thing to be done is to look after the body out there."

"I'll be powerfully obliged," said Bentley, weakly, refilling his glass. "I'm about all in."

Delbert Ffrench and his friends brought the body in and laid it out decently in the office. By the time this was done two of the servants and some of the guests who had been hiding in the forest, returned to the inn. They were still ghastly from their terrifying experience, and glanced apprehensively about to make sure that no spiders were in the inn as they entered. Fortunately, the swarm of spiders that invaded the inn had disappeared, and so for the present, it seemed that the danger was past.

At brief intervals vehicles went by, driven rapidly in the direction of the city. It was evident that the alarm over the danger from the deadly spiders was spreading rapidly, and that the people were hurrying to the city, probably intending to take passage out of the country.

The horses that drew the vehicles were covered with canvas to protect them from the venomous bites of the spiders, and the vehicles were covered with netting to protect those within.

"I'll tell you, gentlemen," remarked Bentley, "there's going to be dreadful times in this country if the spiders keep on increasing in numbers like they have in the last few days! Lord! what are the people going to do?"

"That is hard to answer," replied Ffrench. "It behooves one to keep constantly on the alert to escape being bitten by one of those dreadful pests."

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He had walked to the window and was looking out into the night. He was thinking of Gurlock and his daughter, and it was with a feeling of the gravest apprehension for their safety that he realized the peril they were exposed to in the Brazilian forests, where now the menacing spiders were added to the thousands of snares set for human life.

As Ffrench's eyes wandered to the road, he saw dark forms steal from the forest. He saw them leap into the motor car standing at the gate, and then heard the fluttering vibration as the power was turned on. He turned to Dart with a quick ejaculation, and the two ran from the inn and toward the gate. But as they left the porch they saw the big car whirl swiftly, and with a staccato of muffled thunder it swept down the road toward the city.

Dart swore under his breath, ran madly in pursuit of the car for a hundred yards, and then realizing the futility of his efforts, he drew his pistol and fired a couple of shots over the heads of the fugitives. But they had already vanished into the black shadows of the forest-fringed road. He came back to the gate angry and panting for breath.

"This leaves us in a pretty predicament!" he muttered, with a gesture of disgust.

He turned abruptly and listened. The low, indistinct hum of a car came from the north. There was a sudden flash of light, as a big touring car shot out of the blackness of the tunnel-like road and came sweeping down with the speed of the wind. Almost in a breath it came upon them, swept by, and was gone! It left the two men standing at the gate staring after it in a sort of dazed bewilderment. Delbert Ffrench was the first to speak.

"Mr. Dart," he said, with visible emotion, "I have just seen in the car that passed a moment ago, two persons—the two of all others in South America I was most anxious to see—Professor Gurlock and his daughter Dorothy!"

"Can it be possible?" cried Dart in amazement.

"I could not have been mistaken," said Delbert. "And, good Lord! I stood here like an idiot and let them go by without moving a finger to hail them or batting an eye!"

Dart's face wore a puzzled look. "Did you happen to notice the man driving the car?" he asked.

"No; my eyes were riveted on the other two, and I thought of nothing else right then. Do you know the driver?"

"Yes," replied Dart, "and by thunder! you might have knocked me down with a feather, for the fellow was the man I have traveled over four thousand miles to find—Nathan Fielding—one of the smoothest crooks that ever worked New York!"

CHAPTER III.

"BY GEORGE! that's queer!" cried Delbert.

"It's nothing else," sanctioned Dart. "Just how the parties you are looking for and the man I have been chasing all over South America got together is one of those curious coincidences that baffles human understanding. But now that we have got them bunched, it gives an excellent chance to work together. But we've got to get a move on." He walked rapidly toward the inn. "I'm going to work the 'phone and have the police nab the ducks that got our car, and at the same time shadow the New York crook. Then I'll call up the garage and have a car sent for us."

He hurried toward the inn, followed by Ffrench. They had not noticed the rapid approach of a black cloud from the south, and now of a sudden the night grew of inky blackness. Swift gusts of wind rocked the tops of the great palms to and fro, and swept through the forest with a low, menacing sound. There was a blinding flash of lightning that lit all the heavens with its white flame, and then almost instantly there came an appalling peal of thunder that seemed to split the very world in twain. Then a mighty wind, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain, swept down from the south—a flood driven by a roaring tempest.

Ffrench and Dart were almost swept from their feet as they reached the porch, and as they entered the inn the full force of the storm struck the building with a hideous roar.

Dart was at the 'phone in a moment, had called police headquarters at Manaos, and in the best Spanish he could muster was giving the number of the stolen car and asking that the thieves be nabbed on their arrival in the city. Then, before he could say another word, something snapped, the voice at the other end of the wire went into silence, and Dart swore. The storm had put the telephone out of commission! And the hoarse murmur of the tempest without precluded any hope of it being repaired.

"That puts us in a box for the present," complained Dart, as he hung up the receiver and turned to Ffrench. "We can't do a thing till the storm abates. And there's no telling when that will be. It may last for an hour and it may last for days. We just can't get to Manaos in this storm."

"Oh, well, I suppose we'll have to make the best of a bad situation," remarked Ffrench. "It might be worse. Our trip out here has not been without good results. You have got track of your man and I of my friends. That's something."

"Yes, it is," nodded Dart; "it's a whole lot. What I can't understand is, what Nathan Fielding was doing in company with the Gurlocks. By George! that beats me!"

"A common danger made them comrades for the time being, no doubt," said Ffrench. "Their remaining together will furnish a wider trail and will help us to trace them. Do you suppose we can procure some sort of a conveyance to carry us to the city tonight, in case the storm abates?"

"I'll see. In the meantime we may as well take matters easy."

The coming of the storm had brought back the remainder of the servants and the guests who had fled from the inn, and the landlord gave orders that all the screens be kept closed so as to prevent any possibility of a return of the spiders, and one of the servants was appointed to see to it that the order was carried out.

Shortly after midnight the storm showed signs of abating, and while a team was being hitched to a hack to convey Ffrench and his companions to the city, the three men partook of the sandwiches and coffee which the landlord had set for them.

The clouds had parted and the moon was shining brightly when they entered the hack and started for the city. The road was still deep in water, and rainwashed gullies here and there rendered progress necessarily slow. The sun was rising over the yellow waters of the Rio Negro when they stopped in front of the hotel.

The stolen car had been found by the police at the outskirts of the city, where it had been abandoned, at daybreak, and taken to the garage.

After a hurried breakfast at the hotel, Delbert Ffrench and Dart began a search for Dr. Gurlock and his party, but no trace of them could be found. They had stopped at no hotel in the city, and the police were unable to give any information. The night before had been one of panic and terror among the people, and added to this was the fury of the storm. At such a time an army might have passed through the city unnoticed.

"They must be in the city," declared Dart, "and are probably guests at the home of some friend. We shall know within a few hours."

But this prediction failed in fulfillment. The great American scientist and his daughter and the mysterious Nathan Fielding had disappeared as completely as if they had never existed.

And over the strange city of Manaos, creeping upon it silently, was the menacing shadow of tragedy and death!

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

A Better Job.

It requires a lot of courage and charity to be philanthropic," said Sir Thomas Lipton. "I remember when I was just starting in business. I was very poor, and making every sacrifice to enlarge my little shop. My only assistant was a boy of fourteen, faithful, willing, and honest. One day I heard him complaining, and with justice, that his clothes were so shabby that he was ashamed to go to any place of worship on Sunday. 'There's no chance of my getting a new suit this year,' he told me. 'Dad's out of work, and it takes all my wages to pay the rent.'

"I thought the matter over, and then took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a stout, warm suit of blue cloth. He was so grateful that I felt repaid for my sacrifice. But the next day he didn't come to work. I met his mother in the street and asked her the reason. 'Why, Mr. Lipton,' she said, curtsying, 'Jimmie looks so respectable, thanks to you, sir, that I thought I would send him round town today to see if he couldn't get a better job.'"

* * *

Noble Grandson.

They were talking about the sweet innocence of childhood in the lobby of a Washington hotel when Congressman John A. Moon of Tennessee recalled a pretty little incident of Willie and his grandpa.

One afternoon little Willie was romping with his grandfather, when he suddenly fell and bumped his head.

"Come here, Willie," kindly remarked grandpa to the tearful youngster, "I will kiss you on the head and it will be well in a few minutes."

All of which grandpa did, and in a little while Willie was playing as happily as before. Two hours later the youngster precipitately rushed into the den where grandfather was reading.

"Oh, grandpa," he cried, with a look of great concern, "can't you come downstairs a minute or two?"

"I guess so, Willie," obligingly replied grandpa. "What do you want?"

"Nurse has got the toothache,' was the startling rejoinder of Willie.

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The Biting Sword

Or, For Mademoiselle's Sake By Victor Ardmore

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CHAPTER VII.

MY ENEMY.

LISTENING, I could hear crashing in the bushes at our front, and it pleased me when Hugh, without comment, began backing our horses out of the trail. He had caught the only promising idea for safety, and I promptly gave my aid. The wood was so thick that no great distance could be gained, but we secured a position where we would be tolerably safe unless one of our animals saw fit to whinny to the equine comrades that were surely approaching.

Presently the strangers were hard by, and they proved to be three men in saddle. It encouraged me that they were outwardly heedless, for that was not the way of man-hunters. They came abreast our cover, talking about the forest itself, and then went steadily on, receded, and so passed out of our hearing. We never knew who they were, but it was a safe surmise that they were harmless dwellers in that section.

We resumed our course, and before the night ended left Strongbow Woods behind us. When the tangle ended Peter turned back, and though we parted with him like the invaluable friend he had proved himself, it was no trial to me once more to take up the burden of the lead. In an open way I had as lief trust my judgment as that of another.

We took no rest until day dawned. Had I been free to act as I saw fit, there would have been no halt until Mademoiselle really needed it, but my orders held me bound. I knew of a rocky formation where a kind of a tunnel twenty feet long was roofed over so well as to make it next to certain it had escaped serious wetting in the night. I led the way to this refuge and we halted.

"Mademoiselle," I said, looking at my fair charge, "it cheers me to see you withstand the fatigue of the journey so well."

"Why should I not?" she asked, smiling. "Two things only are needed—health and mental courage. I trust I have something of both."

"I will swear to that, madam. And not the least of the two gifts is courage. Many like you in social position would shudder at riding in the damp, to say nothing of the dark."

"Many, I fear, are fit only for parlors and ballrooms. Master Stelland, do you think we are safe here?"

"Reasonably so, but if Captain Blair is not dull-witted he may track us to our hiding-place."

"Sir, if I had my way we would not sit idle here while precious minutes go by. Do not think I forget what our orders are, and I must needs believe Monsieur Rombouts and Mynheer Winckle wiser than I, yet—yet I would fain employ every minute to hasten to our destination."

She had put my own position into words, and I did not find reply easily. With all of our party seemingly fresh bodily, it looked like a prodigal waste of our chances to stay idle.

"But, again," she pursued, "we must obey. I assume that you have full faith in our two friends?"

"Of Mynheer Winckle I can only say that he bears a fine reputation, but in Francois Rombouts I have full confidence. He has long been my patron and I his follower. Absolutely aware that he will never give an order repugnant to honor, I obey without hesitation. He has sent me among the foreign Dutch when they were scheming to seize New York, and to Connecticut and Massachusetts Bay, as well as among the Indians, and I have done my best. Ay, Monsieur Rombouts is honorable and wise."

"We must remain here."

She said it and sighed, and I suspected that she had rather heard me advise disobedience and instant start on our journey, but the feeling was not put into words. She had, however, started a train of thought in my mind I could not easily banish. Compelled to deviate from our course by the perils of the road, were we doing prudently to remain idle while the sun shone overhead so cheerfully? Was it not possible that changed conditions absolved us from our duty to those who had marked out our system?

The forenoon passed peacefully, as did a part of the afternoon. Then something happened that altered our whole immediate future. Hugh and Anne were talking softly at one side, and Mademoiselle was idling over some curious stones picked up in the recess. I stood leaning against the wall, impatient with the creeping hours and deep in thought. Perhaps I was blamably wrapped up in meditation, but, be that as it may, a strange man was among us before I suspected his approach.

Warned by some unnamable sense, I felt the presence of an outsider and turned to witness a tableau. A man stood gazing at Mademoiselle, and only a few paces away. His light-falling feet had given no warning and he was having his fill of preliminary survey.

His appearance impressed me. Tall and rather powerful, he was dressed like one in high life, but it was chiefly his face that held me speechless. It was a strong face, and had a cast that was imperious and masterful like that of one born to command and inclined to have his will to the full of his desires. I had seen his like among the chief civil officers of the Colony.

Something else was in his face, great astonishment as I considered it, and the combination held me motionless for the time. Before I had recovered he moved forward and accosted Mademoiselle. Later, I realized that she must have been returning his regard, but then I had given heed only to him.

His first words I missed, but as she came to her feet he bowed low and I saw their hands meet. It was borne in upon me that they were acquaintances, but the discovery gave me no pleasure. Then I heard what was said.

"Madam," spoke the stranger, "I am amazed to see you here."

"Believe me, Sir John," she returned, "the surprise is mutual."

"But men go everywhere, and you—what does a lady of your rank in this wilderness?"

"I am on my way to New Haven, sir."

"Starting from—where, may I ask?"

"New York."

"This is not the way from the one point to the other."

"We have been forced from our direct course by the molestation of enemies."

"We?" he repeated, his inflection peculiar. Then he gave me a stare, the first sign I had seen him bestow upon me.

"Master Stelland," spoke Mademoiselle, gently, "may I bid you here?"

I went nearer. The man's stare was still on me, cold, critical, suspicious, and scornful, and I liked it not. I give you my word that I held my head high and bestowed coldness for its like. In this richly dressed gentleman I recognized an enemy, and was not inclined to bend at his feet, if he was Sir John Somebody.

Mademoiselle was smiling amiably, but I saw a shadow in her expression, as if she recognized that tinder and flame had met.

"Master Stelland, this is Sir John Rodcliff," she said quietly. "How he happens to be here I know not, but he is friendly to me."

The titled man eyed me as coldly as ever, and did not give me so much as a nod.

"I am your friend, madam," he agreed. "And Master Stelland?"

"My guide and protector, sir," she explained.

"By whose grace?"

"By order of Monsieur Francois Rombouts," she explained.

"Your guide to—where did you say?"

"From New York to New Haven."

"That road lies far to the south of here——"

"Sir," she interrupted, the least touch of vexation in her tones, "I have already explained. To repeat, we had our choice between deviating from our regualr road or being captured by enemies. I saw fit to deviate."

"And so," I added, giving ice for ice, "and so did I."

This was the casting of my gauntlet at his feet, an announcement that I was not to cringe at his title or his form. My temper was up, and had we been alone I would have tweaked his nose for his discourtesy, but for Mademoiselle's sake I had to curb my wrath somewhat.

"I shall be glad to hear about this," he pursued curtly. "For myself, madam, I tried to improve an interval of leisure and visit friends on the Hudson, but I lost my way, having foolishly ridden alone. So much for myself. Yes, I shall be glad to hear your story."

He motioned her to resume her seat, and then followed her example. I gave her a bow and him another frigid look and walked aside. I had met a friend of hers and found him no friend of mine. What to make of it I did not know, but he would learn he had encountered a rock if he forced a quarrel with me. Something was due to Mademoiselle, yet something also to my self-respect. If he saw fit to treat me like a lackey and criminal in one, he might carry his hostility too far.

A long, earnest conversation began between them, and I waited with outward patience for the next step in affairs. Meanwhile I had an eye always on him, for I was not so sure that he was a friend in the true sense. Possibly he was as big a knave in that respect as in others—I rather hoped it would prove so, for he wore a sword at his hip and so did I. My chief ambition in life at that moment was to cross blades with this Sir John and humble him.

Half an hour passed, and then the lady summoned me with a courteous beckoning motion and tempered it with her admirable smile. I went, bowed to her, and reserved my next move as to the newcomer.

"Master Stelland," said my charge, "I desire to tell you that it was to Sir John Rodcliff, this gentleman, that you were to deliver me on our arrival at New Haven."

Again I bowed.

"Because of this encounter Sir John will bear us company to our destination."

"Hoping," he added, "that I may be able to help you find the road."

There was a sneer in his speech, and it took nothing away from my animosity. Replying, I gave him as scant politeness as he sent.

"Besides woods, there is nothing hereabouts save Mademoiselle's friends and foes. The chief study is to know the one from the other."

CHAPTER VIII.

FOR A DUEL.

MADEMOISELLE'S gaze wavered briefly, as if this lack of harmony disturbed her, but I saw no evidence that she was reproving me in her thoughts. As I read her mind, she still looked upon me as a useful servitor of the better class who had been true to her, and though she recognized the difference in our stations in the social world—why should she not, when I was a man who lived by his sword?—her rare kindness placed me on a high pedestal as guide and guard.

Sir John passed my hint by, and as nobody was inclined to enlarge upon the point that he would thenceforth make one of our company, few additional words were said then.

Our party settled down again, Mademoiselle and the baronet in close conversation, while I held aloof. This continued for two hours, and then, as I went farther away to give attention to our horses, Sir John followed and accosted me. He was as cold and haughty as ever, but his voice sounded less imperious and insolent than before.

"You are, as I understand it, the Basil Stelland who has served Monsieur Francois Rombouts of New York?" he began.

"Yes," I returned curtly.

"In that case I would like to know why you took Mademoiselle away from New York when Rombouts's orders were that it should not be done?"

Here was much in little, and I fancy there was great amazement in my look, but I think I betrayed little more of my emotions. Ridiculous as the man was, he was a so-called friend of my charge, and had to be answered. I looked him in the eye with coldness and hauteur equal to his own.

"In view of the fact that Mademoiselle has herself told you I am her chosen protector, I fail to understand you."

"Mademoiselle speaks in good faith," he said, unmoved, "but it is possible for the innocent to be deceived. I happen to know you had definite orders from

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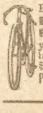
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Rombouts not to take her away from Mynheer Winckle's."

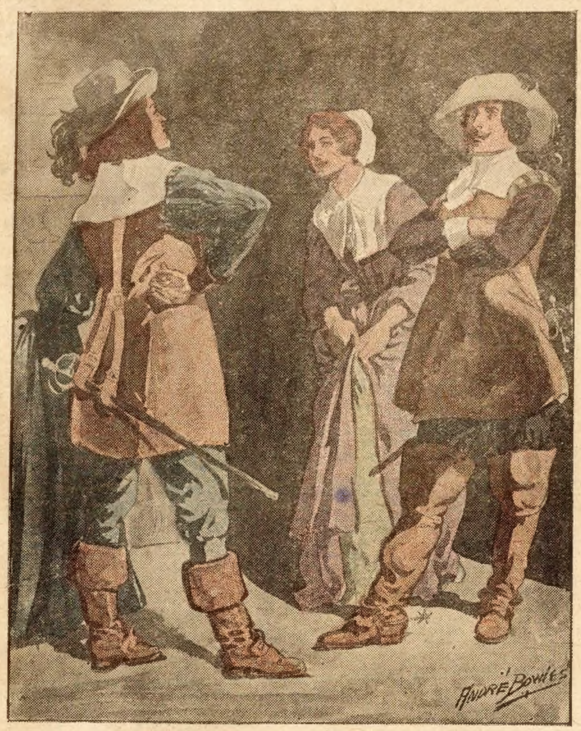
"Perhaps you think that I, too, have been deceived," I suggested with sarcasm.

"Most decidedly not. No, I do not think you at all in the dark."

"What, then, do you mean?"

I was still outwardly unmoved, but we were on very thin ice. Having wit enough to believe he was not laboring under mistake, I credited him with a desire to insult me in many ways, and I would have expressed myself in words not to be misunderstood only that I wanted him to be clear.

"It is true," he continued, some heat getting into the insolent chill of his manner, "that Rombouts engaged you to escort the lady, but afterwards he clearly and distinctly ordered you not to do it."



"Master Stelland, this is Sir John Rodcliff."

"Possibly you know more about the affair than I?"

"I don't think so."

"It will save time," I suggested coolly, "if you come to the point at once. We waste valuable minutes and words, and both are of importance. I am perfectly willing to deal with you when you make yourself understood."

"I was in New York," he went on, trying to drill me with his gaze but failing, "when Rombouts changed his mind about sending the lady to New Haven. He wrote to you countermanding his order, and gave it to a trustworthy servant to deliver at your lodgings. Rombouts sent his carriage to accommodate me, I going within, and the letter-bearer on the seat with the driver. At a house said to be your lodgings we paused, the servant went in, was gone a few minutes, and came out without the letter. It had been delivered to you, and the plan for the lady's departure for New Haven was definitely postponed. Why, in the face of this clear annulment, did you take her into this barbarous wilderness?"

"I have received no such letter from Monsieur Rombouts, and no countermand, by letter or otherwise, of my order."

"The servant was named Luke Otterley. Does he know where you live?"

"Yes."

"Is he untrustworthy?"

"He is perfectly reliable," I said deliberately.

"Who," coldly sneered my companion, "is unreliable?"

"You make yourself perfectly clear," I returned steadily. "We will take that up later. Well?"

"Yet, you hurried the lady from New York as if death was at your heels. For New Haven? Not so, for you are far north of the proper road, so we are absurd to talk of New Haven——"

"Mademoiselle has herself explained that we were so harassed by her foes that we had to deviate from the direct road."

"Did you, sir, engage these foes to appear?"

"If you fail in some respects," I said grimly, "it is not in clearness. I take heed to your several charges against me—liar, abductor, and the like, and, rely upon it, I will give you full attention later. You wear a sword and so do I. After the lady is safe, we can settle this briefly. Yes, and it will be settled."

"You carry a high head," he retorted, "but I were a fool to be blinded. You have taken her from her safe quarters in direct opposition to Rombouts's orders, but there is more. When in New York I warned your so-called patron against you, for I heard what your reputation was. Men term you an adventurer, a penniless liver by your wits, a person who relies upon a certain dexterity with the sword to make his way in the world. Because of your over-readiness to use that weapon they call you the Biting Sword. This is the man who asks me to believe his contrary claim when I know he was forbidden to take the lady from her home."

He was piling up insults mountain high, but even then I remembered Mademoiselle and held myself in check. Longing to have it out with him then and there, I held my hand, and, instead of forcing an affray that would have weakened our numbers and placed me on the level of a mere brawler, I only stared at him unblinkingly and evenly replied:

"Sir John, how soon after our journey is ended, can we settle this with the sword."

"Within the hour," and now I saw him smile for the first time, an icy smile, and yet one tinged with amusement. "You think that, because you have a deftness with the blade that has raised you rather high among other swashbucklers in this Colony, you can hold your own with the accomplished swordsmen of old England. I will show you that you are a child. I agree to prick you slightly twelve times as a preliminary, six slight gashes on the breast, three on your left arm and three on your right, and then to administer the final stroke."

I smiled at him responsively, showing amusement equal to his own, and yet keeping my armor of coldness intact.

"You will never prick me with the sword, either as a preliminary or as a final thrust."

"I will play with you, I say——"

"Why repeat it? For Mademoiselle's sake we are debarred from settling our quarrel now, for she needs our protection, so let our understanding end words. I have noticed that no man boasts save the real swashbuckler."

He turned a fiery red. I was within his icy guard at last. It was not so much that I flung his own term back as that he could not deny the truth of my retort. He had boasted, and he knew that the ethics of gentlemen forbade it. The flush in his cheeks was that of shame. He hesitated a moment, staring hard at me, and then added something in a voice less well controlled than before.

"When we reach our journey's end," he said, and turned and went back to the camp.

I smiled contentedly. In view of the fact that my tongue was largely bridled by loyalty to Mademoiselle's interests, I felt that I had not come off so badly in our thrust and parry of words. Yet, he had left me with two problems.

First, he was a baronet, and it was supposed to degrade one of rank to meet a plebeian in duel, yet he, full of haughty pride as he was, had waived the point. I knew afterward that this was due to unreasonable personal hatred of me.

Next, he had declared that a note was left at my lodgings countermanding the order to take the lady to New Haven. Somehow, I did not consider this a falsehood, and much I wondered how the latest order had miscarried. I did not then remember the clearing of my table by the careless servant maid.

Five minutes later, when I rejoined my companions, Mademoiselle studied my face closely, but it was not one easily read. I carried neither perturbation nor venom in my expression. Trouble could wait.

CHAPTER IX.

BACK OF THE DOOR.

WE ATE our supper in due time, packed our lessening belongings, and prepared otherwise for travel. By dusk we were in motion, our faces toward the east. As usual, I led the way, and behind me came Mademoiselle and Sir John, with Hugh and Anne in the rear.

I rode with more of serenity than was to be expected, for, although my fair charge was certainly aware of all the charges brought against me by the baronet, she had not asked me for an explanation, nor had she lessened her kind graciousness. While she remained in this mood I could act as easily as ever, and even if her manner changed, I owed a duty to my conscience, and would struggle on faithfully to the end. It was my mission to take her to New Haven, and I intended to do it.

Going at the head of the party, I wondered why Sir John did not interfere with my choice of route, but Mademoiselle might have explained. Slight as was his acquaintance with the forest, he knew we were fronted for New Haven, and, further, the lady had been firm in advising that I have all the management.

I wondered, also, why we were going to Connecticut. The baronet was, by his own statement, a dweller of England,

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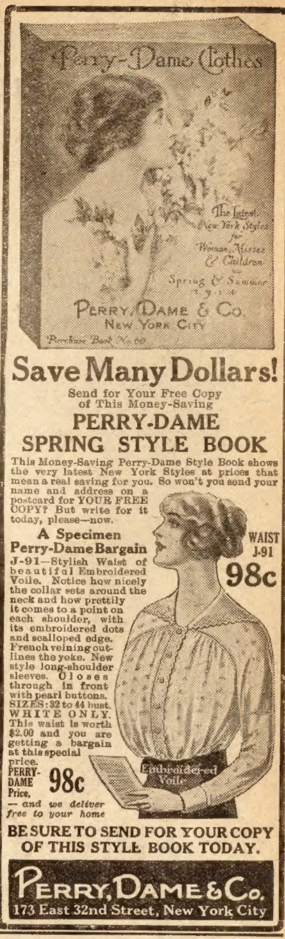

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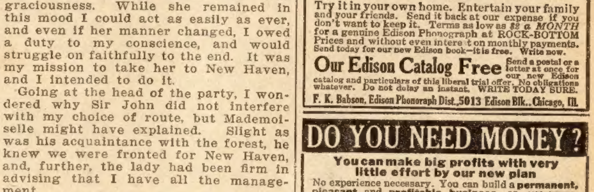

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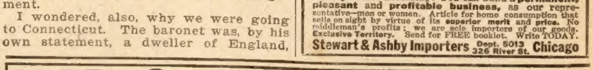

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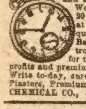

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while I understood that Mademoiselle had mainly or wholly lived in the Colony. Important matters centered about her, but I was not enlightened, and my interest was hardly keen. It was my part to guide her properly, and then return to my patron. Perhaps Monsieur Rombouts could explain the alleged double orders he had given me.

Four hours we rode unmolested by enemies, though hardly in comfort, for the wind was harsh and penetrating. To me that was a small thing, but had I been free from the company of my titled foe, I would have given more attention to the lady. As it was I left that office to him.

The hour was hard upon midnight when he proved that he was not unmindful of the shrewd nip of the air. He pressed forward to my side.

"Must we," he asked, "keep going in this blackness, this wretched tangle of woods, this bitter breeze? 'Tis hard for the weaker one of our number."

"Does she wish to stop?" I asked quietly.

"She will not admit as much, but she is city bred and tenderly nurtured. The journey ill befits her."

"My orders from Mynheer Winckle were that we should improve every hour of the nights on the way."

"But this additional time was not foreseen then."

"True," I agreed.

"If we pause and have a fire for warmth——"

"The fire is out of the question, for it would certainly call any direct foes or wandering vagabonds who might be near. On the other hand, if Mademoiselle is suffering from cold, I shall be glad to take part in a consultation."

"She is suffering, she must be, though she will not admit it. Even for a man the wind is biting. Yes, and we go at a snail's pace. It is nothing but woods, woods, ay, and with so much of underbrush to impede our progress that the fiend himself might well cry for rest."

"I admit that we advance but slowly. Yet, with reasonable precautions, such as we are taking, we may be safe."

"At what cost?"

"What," I asked, "could be the cost if we cast prudence aside and fell into the hands of the lady's foes?'

His reply was long delayed, but he finally muttered irritably. "Well, well, we will struggle ahead a while longer."

He fell back, and again we plodded on. Our way was a miserable contrast to the regular road, but not for a moment did I doubt the wisdom of my choice. Take the road and fall into the power of the lady's foes, or keep to the woods and have hope of escaping them—which? The answer seemed plain.

Now, my knowledge of the forest did not include every mile of the way by far, and ill luck took us into difficulty as we rode. It was, perhaps, an hour after my talk with the baronet that we suddenly emerged into a small clearing and saw a lighted house before us.

Sir John cried out in delight and again pressed forward. "Here," he exclaimed, "is just what we want!"

"Meaning—what?" I questioned.

"A wilderness home, the dwelling of some honest farmer who has no more malice in his heart than have the birds in the trees."

"How do you know so much?" I asked dryly.

"The house is very small. Who should live here except such a man?"

"Would he be lighted up at one of the night?"

"Perhaps he has an ailing child who is fretful."

"Or," I suggested, "guests of the hour who want to find us."

We had drawn together in a group, and there was chance for all to speak. I noticed that Mademoiselle looked attentively at me and caught the drift of my ideas, and then she firmly said:

"It is hazardous to pause. Let us go on!"

"But," he cried "we are beset by intolerable conditions!"

"Have I complained?" she asked firmly.

"No, but if you would do that I should be more content. You have the mental endurance of your noble race, which has before now led them to withstand hardship until they dropped from the harshness of it, dying in the instant——"

She interrupted with a light laugh. "Have no fear, Sir John!" she advised. "I am not dying, nor yet suffering overmuch. Give no thought to me! Let us on to New Haven!"

"Madam," he continued, "is it not true that, as soon as I had you in my charge, you were to obey me in all things? Am I not for the time we remain in this Colony your guardian?"

She was silent, but I could see her playing nervously with the rein in her hands.

"I claim my legal right!" he added. "We will awaken the honest farmer."

He started forward, but I checked him for the moment.

"My advice is that we continue, if the lady is able and willing, but as I do not know her exact condition I leave the decision with her. If she says awaken those who may be anything but honest farmers, so be it. For myself, I decline responsibility."

Her voice arose in remonstrance against him, but he was doggedly firm.

"I will take all responsibility," he declared.

He had caught hold of her rein and was urging her horse on, so we all rode to the door. Once there Sir John, himself, thundered a summons, and the door was readily flung open from within. What we saw was startling.

Captain Blair, her bitter enemy, stood facing us.

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

His Alarm Clock.

"When I saw that I was sleeping later each morning," said Dubb to the man who was hanging to the neighboring strap in the street car, "I decided to get an alarm clock.

"I got one and placed it on my bureau, all wound up and ready to perform its morning stunt. Well, it woke up everybody in the house except me. Boarders who were never on time for anything showed up for breakfast that morning. That made it bad for us early fellows, who are supposed to get the choice bits of everything on the table as our reward for being there early.

"The next night I put the alarm clock on the floor under my bed, instead of on my bureau, thinking it might make less noise there. But it frightened the people downstairs worse than ever. One of the children had hysterics and the grown people explained that they thought it was an infernal machine.

"Then I started out to figure out some way of fixing things so that the alarm clock would wake only me.

"At last I hit upon the idea of putting it under my pillow. But it rolled out from under the pillow every night and stuck its feet into my back, and felt as comfortable as a toad. I stood it for some time, however, until I chanced to hit upon still another scheme. I could hardly wait for night to come to put my latest idea into effect.

I procured a big, thick woolly double blanket and rolled the clock up inside of that and put it under my bed. I smothered it so well that I believed I could safely leave my door ajar to admit a little more air without any damage being done to my neighbors.

"The next morning I was awakened by something like an earthquake. The thing hit the bottom of my bed with a sickening thud, and there was a sputtering like fifty-seven demons. Then the thing darted from the room and flew down the stairs and the thumping against my bedsprings subsided. Also, the alarm clock rolled out of the blanket.

"The hall filled with people, gathered to see what had taken place. 'I'll bet its Dubb's alarm clock!' shouted one fellow, whose weird attire would not permit him to join the investigating committee in person. 'Throw that alarm clock out of the window!'

"It was quite a convention there at my door around the blanket and the alarm clock, and they couldn't see to save their lives how such results were obtainable with that material. The clock was turned over and over skeptically and the blanket was subjected to close inspection by the assembly.

"'Look here!' said one of the investigators, finally. 'Here's a bunch of cat fur on this blanket!'

"Then I knew what had happened. The family cat had taken advantage of the soft, warm blanket, and made her bed in it. When the alarm clock went off it scared her into fits."

* * *

His Ailments.

Dutch Frye was in a hotel in a Western city one day, when a man, whom he knew slightly rushed up to him and handed him this:

"Dutch, lend me one hundred dollars. I've been drinking a little too much since I've been in this town, and I've used up all the money I brought with me. Furthermore, this hotel is very strict and has a rule that no drinks can be served in the room of a guest unless he is ill in bed and has a doctor's certificate to show for it. The fact is, Dutch, I have already had pneumonia, diphtheria, asthma, congestion of the lungs, inflammatory rheumatism, laryngits and——"

"Take the hundred," said Dutch, solemnly. "I'm afraid if you keep on, you might have some fatal disease."

* * *

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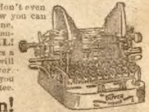

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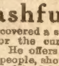

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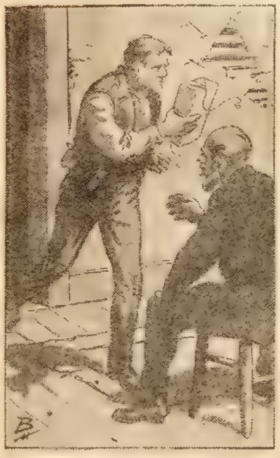


He tore the box from Santa's hand.

EMIL GORBORIO patted the small, neatly tied box with a wrinkled hand. "It is a loving gift, yes," he said to himself and smiled softly, a low light in his eyes. "He will be glad to see it, to open it, and find that his brother Emil sent it to him—perhaps."

The old man fondled it a little while, then going to the door called. A boy answered, and Emil led him into the room. Taking the box in his hand, he said to the attentive lad, "Take this to the little Italian hotel on Front street! Ask for Santa Gorborio—the name is so written; and look you—don't give it up to another. Say, it is from Emil, his brother, see? If he not there, bring it back, see? And I will pay well!"

The lad left, and the old man drew himself close to the window. He laughed to himself a little. He had known just how to do it. He was going to have revenge; it had suddenly come to him how easily it might be done. For years he had worked in the explosive department of a great powder company, and he had mastered the details; he had grown old and given the work up, having a little money with which to live. But he could do a good job yet. He chuckled a little as he thought, and blew soft rings of smoke. His brother would be surprised when he opened the box—if he had time to be surprised—for in the meek little box, the gift box, was a bomb, put together with all the skill of long experience. It would not go off until the wrapper was removed, and then——

Emil chuckled.

Santa had well known that just before their father died he had told them to share his wealth from the great fruit company. Santa knew that, but he knew that there was a will, made by the father in a moment of anger at Emil, which left all his wealth to Santa. When the time came, Santa said the will stood. Santa had gotten the money, the beautiful home; and Emil—he had been a wanderer, at times without food. He had learned his trade well, true, but there were the years he had suffered, while his brother lived in richness. The law had held the will decided, for Santa said his father had said nothing, and Emil said he had, and there was no one to say other than they; so the Judge let the will stand.

For a long time Emil had thought [illegible] over, especially after he had [illegible] His eyes were failing then [illegible] money would not last long. He had decided to wait no longer for justice which came from Heaven, as the priest said; he would do justice himself.

So he had tinkered away at the bomb. He had made it sure that it work; for he planned to have the sender say, and have it written on the package, that it was from Emil, so that his brother would know who it was from, and would have time to think of his evil ways, before he was blown into the Great Night.

His brother had come to the little Italian hotel in the city. Emil had seen his name in the paper which he read over and over each day, so he did not need to send the bomb to the South American city. His brother had come very accommodatingly.

Emil chuckled

A rap on the door of his room aroused Emil from his reverie. He went to the door and opened it. A tall man stood there, and Emil did not know him.

"How are you, Emil?" a voice said in his native tongue. "I've come to see you -way from the South!"

Murmuring the name of the Christ, Emil drew away from the door and crept back to the old chair. He watched, as a monkey watches, while his brother took off the costly coat, placed it in a chair, and sat down in another.

They looked at each other. Emil saw a man with a tired, worn face [illegible] little lighted with some dusky happiness. It was the face of a man who had suffered much, who with what wealth and money could give, had yet lost something.

"Emil, how are things with you?" Santa asked.

"With me?" Emil replied. "I sleep, I eat, I think, I die."

The other started at the last words. "Yes, we die, Emil. I have come to tell you I have been long unhappy. I've got where I see night and day the face of the father—as he died. It's been long coming; it grows worse. I fear, Emil—I fear! The business goes bad; people watch me and wonder what's wrong—and I know not! I can't forget his eyes. I have done wrong! I suffer!"

Emil shifted his pipe, and his eyes, faded with failing sight, brightened dimly. "It is the hurt in the mind—the conscience," he answered.

"Yes, it's that—it's that! Emil, I've come to you. I give to you the whole of the business, the money, the place. I do it with gladness; and I want you to forgive, Emil, will you? You have years ahead, and they will be sweet after the hard ones; and I will serve you. Will you forgive? Emil?"

Emil studied the lined face. He thought of the years, hard years, then of the future. He was strong, he would live long, and be happy. He looked at the face of his brother again, at the shadows in the eyes.

"Yes, Santa, I forgive," he said

His brother sprang up and embraced him. His face was joyous, his dark eyes smiling. "Now, I shall rest!" he cried. "Emil, get the paper and the ink. We'll make it so—so the law will hold it strong!"

"I have none; I write not to any one but I'll seek it of the people above!" answered Emil.

He shuffled out, and turned to the upstairs landing. He went up, borrowed the ink and paper of the German family, smiled as the young man asked him if he were going to write a love letter

As he went downstairs slowly, he saw the boy to whom he had entrusted the box leaving the room

"He wasn't at the hotel, Emil, but he was in your room; I just gave it to him——"

Emil cried out, dropped the ink and paper, and staggered and reeled down the hallway. He turned the door, and saw Santa beginning to untie the string. He tore the box from Santa's hands; he sank his fingers in it—something crashed about him, and he went down, down, down, into silence.

When his eyes opened, he moaned a little, and memory came. He pushed aside Santa's hand that was bathing his head, and looked around, gasping, "Santa, did it— "

"No, my brave Emil, you saved my life. I did not hear what the boy said, save that it was for me; he speak too fast in his tongue. I cannot read the name who from; it was rubbed so; but I know—I know! It was from men who hate me in the Southern country. They have warned me; they thought to get rid of me up here where no one would know them and they would be safe. Some friend, here, sent the boy—Ah! I see! Emil, you save me by taking the box [illegible] know what to do. Emil [illegible] Stay here—don't move—I bring [illegible]! You faint—the shock!"

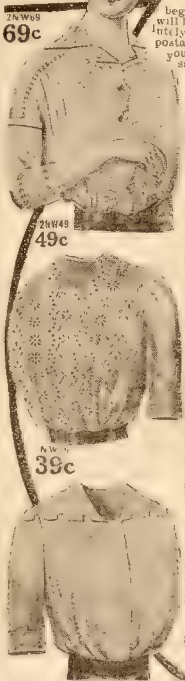
Emil choked and lay back.

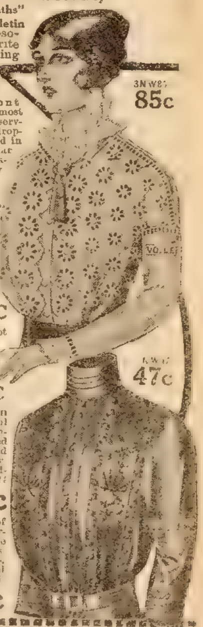
On the way to the sink in the part of the room back of Emil, Santa caught up the torn paper on which was written "From Emil;" and as he filled a glass with water, he rubbed the name out. On his way back to Emil he dropped the paper in its former position. Going on with the same stride, he held the tumbler to Emil's lips, and said tenderly:

"Emil, brother, let this be between us the water of peace."

* * *

More things come to those who are too busy to wait for them.





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A MINE MYSTERY

By WILDER ANTHONY

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CHAPTER V.

WHEN at last he awoke, Harland lay for a long time idly wondering where he was and what had happened; finally, as consciousness fully returned and a partial understanding of what had occurred filtered through his mind, he raised himself suddenly, and was half upright, when he fell back with a low cry as if smitten by an unseen hand. Clapping both palms to his splitting head, he lay still and waited for his vision to clear. When the dizziness and pain had diminished sufficiently to permit his looking about, he realized that it was dark, very dark, and somewhat damp. His head, too, continued to feel as if his skull contained some instrument of torture which was slowly but surely spreading it apart. Groping around with his hands, he became aware that he was lying on the bare ground, and at cost of considerable mental effort he finally remembered how he had been struck down. Like a flash it came to him that he was still in the old shaft.

Again he pressed his throbbing temples with both hands and tried to collect his whirling wits. He was beginning to feel a little better, although he was still dazed and bewildered. He was aroused by the sound of moving not far from him.

"Who's there?" he called weakly.

"Oh, you've come alive at last! Thank God for that!" exclaimed a deep voice, and presently a big form bent over him. It was Bill Dallas.

"What are you doing here, Bill? What's happened?" Harland demanded, when he recognized his friend.

"I be dinged if I know exactly," answered the big stable boss. "Near's I can figure it ain't day yet, an' dark as the inside of a cow; we can take our bearin's better in the mornin'. There's some kind o' devilment goin' on with Marble at the back of it. Him an' that shrimp, Vining, caught me asleep an' packed me over here—Rooney helped 'em. We're in the old shaft an' alone, so far's I can tell; but there's a couple o' men just outside."

Marble! At mention of the name, Harland's lost memory returned in a flash. He remembered his midnight awakening, the murdered miner, his assistant's uneasiness when discovered; it all came to him in the twinkling of an eye, and coupled with it was the vague realization that there was more behind the night's doings than appeared on the surface.

"I see it now!" he burst out excitedly, springing to his feet. "It's Marble! The scoundrel—he's responsible for the whole business, Bill. Somehow, he's managed to pull wool over every one's eyes until now. If I hadn't discovered him standing over Jarsen's body, he——" He broke off, and then went on to explain what had happened a few hours before.

"Humph!" Dallas ejaculated, when he finished. "I guess you're right, Dick. From what scraps o' talk I could hear while they was gettin' me over here it's even worse than you think. The men are about crazy. Jarsen—dirty skunk as he was—was a kind o' leader among 'em. They think you killed him; that's why we're under guard. Bein' a friend a your'n, they throwed me in along with you. It's Marble, all right. I wish I coulda got to my six-gun, blame it. With a brace o' guns we could clean up the works—it all goes to show a man is a fool to let hisself get separated from his hardware. Without weapons we're helpless."

Harland did not even take the trouble to agree with him. Realizing that nothing could be done for a while, at least, he found a fairly dry spot close to one side of the tunnel and sat down. Resting his aching head against the cool bank, he fell into profound thought.

He was sure by this time that Marble was at the bottom of all that had occurred. In some still inexplicable way the assistant had been steadily robbing the company, but just what his object was in killing Jarsen and then shifting the crime onto his chief was not clear. Probably, however, this latter had been done on the spur of the moment, and as the result of a hasty plan to cover his own tracks. Harland had appeared at a most inopportune time and had to be disposed of: that was all. It was a very neat problem, and for the first time the superintendent began to understand just how clever a scoundrel his assistant was. The manner in which the tall, lanky, lazy-seeming villain had duped him went far to prove his histrionic ability. As an actor the man was a genius.

Harland was aroused from his brooding by a remark of his companion.

"She's comin' daylight," said the ex-cowman, who was just returned from an excursion into the depths of the mine. "Pretty soon we can take a look at things. Half an hour ago I was feelin' dumpy as a snail, but now I'm finer'n frog hair. All I need to be real comfortable is a smoke." Stretching his huge arms, he yawned expansively.

With a whimsical smile, Harland handed over the "makings."

"You haven't discovered a way out of here, have you, Bill?" he asked tentatively.

"Nope," answered Dallas, rolling his cigarette, "but I got hopes. Nobody ever kept me caged up long yet. Right now, however, I rise to remark that this vere is the dad-blamedest mix-up I ever was tangled into. Here we are—if I do say so, about the only honest white men on the job—penned up in a hole no self-respectin' farmer would stable a hog in whilst that muddy-faced helper o' yourn is raisin' h—l an' repeat with the works. I'll bet a good-sized posthole that right now he's busy packin' up them gold bars an' gettin' ready to hit the grit for parts unknown."

"You'd lose, I'm afraid. It's no easy task to enter the vault without the combination, and Marble don't know it."

"Mebby not; but how about that private entrance o' his? Don't forget that, Dick. I mean the one him an' Vining has been usin' for the past few months. It's a cinch there is another way in an' out o' that strong-room."

"Perhaps," Harland grudgingly conceded, "but we can't seem to locate it. It's the crux of the whole business, too."

"I don't savvy just what that last is," observed Dallas, doubtfully, "but it don't matter. I always did figure that success ain't wholly due to holdin' good cards. It's playin' a poor hand well that rakes in lots o' pots, an' I been keepin' my eye peeled since I got horned into this here game. Right now I got a old-fashioned hunch that I'm on the trail o' that back door, so to speak."

"You've what?" Harland came out of his lethargy with a jerk. "You don't mean to tell me you've discovered some sort of a clew?"

"I sure do," affirmed the stable boss, with a broad grin, and extending a huge, toil-worn palm in which lay a small object. "What do you make o' that?" he demanded.

"That"—Harland eyed it critically—"why that's a small stone—a fragment of lime-rock, I should judge."

"Yas; I knowed already it was a rock," Dallas drawled dryly, "but that ain't what I was gettin' at. Look closter an' you'll see they's chisel marks on one side of it an' that it's been broke off somethin'. Now, I ain't been in the vault but once; but I kinda think this is the same sort o' stone that it's cut out from, an' if it is, how did it come to be lyin' where I found it?"

Harland picked up the little triangular chunk and examined it curiously. It was, as his companion had said, of the same general formation as the rock out of which the vault had been hewn. The fact was unequivocal. Still, there were probably many other similar stones in the neighborhood; but this piece did bear signs of having chipped from somewhere, and——

"Where did you get it?" he asked tersely.

"In yonder," replied Dallas, indicating by a lurch of the head the mouth of a cross-shaft, which yawned black and cavernous in the gloom.

"It was this-a-way," he went on, blowing a great cloud of smoke into the moist air. "I was explorin' that passage a little bit ago, an' I noticed this chunk lyin' with a few others like it close up to the wall. It looked outa place, some way, so I picked it up. There ain't nary rock o' that same kind in the shaft; somebody musta carried them chips in here, an' besides, look down where you're standin'."

A trifle mystified, Harland obeyed; but he could see nothing except the hard-beaten earth floor of the tunnel. When he intimated as much, the old plainsman chuckled hoarsely.

"I thought so," he declared. "Your stay in the city ain't helped your eyesight none, Dick. Time was when you'da noticed it mighty near as quick as me. Don't you see that this ground is covered with men's tracks, an' in spots there's a regular path runnin' down the middle. Looks like some one had been comin' an' goin' pretty frequent since the shaft played out, don't it?"

"Yes; now that you speak of it, I see what you mean," Harland assented. "I hadn't thought of it before; but that old lateral must run fairly close behind the vault. It's hardly possible, and yet—— Let's go in there, Bill," he added suddenly, grasping his companion's arm, "there may be something in this, after all."

All at once it dawned upon him that here was where he had discovered Marble and Vining. Jarsen might have found them there also, and been murdered as a penalty of his knowledge. The thing was worthy of investigation, at any rate.

"There," said Dallas, when they were near the end of the cross-cut, pointing to a little pile of stones, "that's where I got that chunk."

After one hasty glance in the indicated direction, Harland turned his attention to the opposite wall; he had evolved a theory which he wished to test as speedily as possible. By the flare of numerous matches, lighted and held aloft by Dallas, he scrutinized the composite of hard earth and stones, looking closely for an opening of some kind. He found none, however, and he was beginning to doubt the correctness of his surmise, when he bethought him of a fresh expedient.

Dropping on all fours, he felt about on the ground until he found the harder portion which denoted a beaten path. Then he traced along this to the side of the shaft, stood up again, and ran his

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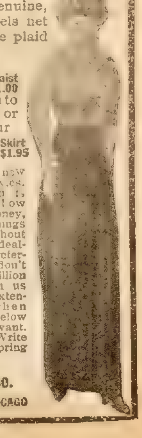

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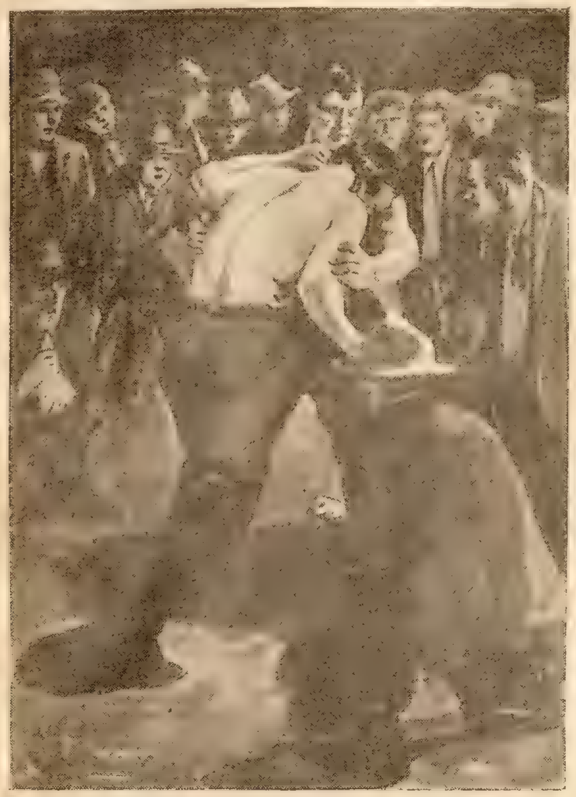
fingers over the rough surface. Something gave under their steady pressure, and with a little cry of exultation he swung back a heavy wooden door, disclosing an aperture some two feet square. The secret was a secret no longer. Marble's—if Harland's suspicions were correct—method of reaching the gold had been discovered

When he had partially recovered from the elation consequent upon his find, Harland crawled through the narrow, pipe-like passage to learn, as he expected, that it terminated in the vault itself, the inner end being cleverly concealed by a neatly fitting block of stone. Sure of this, he backed out again and closed the trapdoor which had been smeared and colored with mud until it resembled the wall so closely as to defy detection in the gloom of the cross-cut

"We've got them now, Bill," the superintendent declared, after they were back in the main shaft. "It's all plain enough. By means of that passage they've been able to get at the bullion after it was packed up for shipment and do as they liked with it. All I want now is to find out just how they managed to reduce those ingots without changing the looks of them? That won't be hard.'



His blows seemed only to infuriate Marble.

"Nope. Not after we get outa here," vouchsafed Dallas.

"We'll leave tonight. That's easy though. The bolts on the vault door are exposed on the inside: we can shoot them and escape whenever we feel like it. The men at the shaft entrance will never miss us until it's too late."

The stable boss grinned hugely. "Sure thing," he agreed. "Funny I never thought o' that. We can slip out after night—free as air. It'll sure surprise Marble some when we migrate an' show up onexpected like with a gun in our fists," he chuckled throatily. "The skunk thinks he's got us corralled for keeps, I reckon."

CHAPTER VI.

HARLAND'S plan of escape was, however, destined never to be put into execution

All that day, except for a coarse but substantial meal which was brought them at noon, the two prisoners were left entirely alone. Of Marble, or what was going on outside, they saw or knew nothing. Each time they approached the mouth of the shaft they were driven back by the armed guards who stood there. Evidently it was no part of their captors' plan that they should guess what was going on.

Soon after dusk, however, a change became apparent. There was the sound of voices and a confused murmuring outside, and finally a squad of miners, several of them armed, and the lot comprising the worst characters among the men, entered the shaft and proceeded, without explanation of any sort, to bind the prisoners. When this was accomplished—not without some trouble for the two men resisted as much as they were able—Harland and Dallas were led out into the yard, where a huge bonfire made it almost as light as day

Assembled around this fire in a large semicircle were nearly a hundred men. Some were sitting down, some were standing; and as he looked them over Harland did not miss a single man in the company's employ. Most of them were armed, and many of them had evidently been drinking freely. In the center of the mob, close to the fire, a table had been placed, and it was before this that the prisoners were halted.

Three men were seated at the table, Marble and Vining at either end, while at one side, flushed and ill at ease as a fish out of water, sat Dan Rooney, leader of the tougher element among the men. He was a big man, with huge, massive shoulders and thick legs; his flannel shirt, open at the neck, disclosed a broad, barrel-like chest which was completely covered by a mat of mossy, red hair. His face was fat and bestial, almost hidden beneath a flaming beard, while his eyes were small and bloodshot like a pig's. At a grunt from him the guards stepped back and left Harland and Dallas standing alone. Bill Dallas grinned

"Darned if it don't look like a show I seen once in Denver," he observed. "All the fixin's, even Rooney, seems to be set for fireworks. What's the play, anyhow '

"Shut up," you." Rooney growled, with a defiant glare. "You know well enough what this here is—it's a miners' court, Savvy? Now, mebbe you kin guess what you're here for, eh?" With what was apparently meant for a comical grin, he chuckled hoarsely

"A court?" Harland, who until now had not taken his eyes from Marble's wooden face, interposed icily. "What for, Rooney?"

Very deliberately Rooney searched his pockets for a short clay pipe which he slowly filled, crowding the coarse tobacco into its bowl with a finger that resembled a decayed banana: Carefully inserting the stem into what was presumably a mouth, somewhere beneath his whiskers, he accomplished the miracle of lighting his smoke without singeing them. Then he spoke:

"First witness," he said hoarsely, and at this there was a low murmur from the surrounding miners

"Blamed if it ain't reel melodrammy!" Dallas exclaimed, still treating the affair as a joke. "You're a bum judge, Rooney. Aside from bein' all swelled up like a pizened purp, you look more like a crook to me."

Two or three of the men laughed, and Rooney glared savagely. The stable boss was opening his mouth to say more when Marble rose to his feet and began to speak. Clearly and painstakingly, but in the halting manner of one who speaks against his will, he told the story of what had happened in the old shaft the night before. Told it, but with this difference. When he came to the discovery of the body of the murdered miner, he stated that it was he and Vining who had discovered Harland standing redhanded over the body of his victim.

When he finished there was a short silence; then the mob began to shift uneasily. Loud mutterings and cries of "Hang him! Get it over, Dan!" and the like, burst from several of the men. Bellowing like an enraged bull, Rooney finally silenced them, and turned to Harland.

"Got anything to say?" he demanded. "This is a fair court, an' you got a right to have your say-so, even if you're guilty"

"Since you all seem so sure of that," Harland retorted, "there's little use in my saying anything. I am not guilty, of course; you all know that. Marble is a liar! It was he who killed Jarsen—I saw him, and he afterward struck me down from behind. You'd better quit this buffoonery, Rooney, and set me at liberty. The thing has gone far enough."

When he paused, Rooney started to speak, but faltered and dropped his eyes uneasily before the cold, penetrating glance of the superintendent. Hardened ruffian that he was he could not face those steady eyes without flinching. At a whispered word or two from Marble, however, he suddenly stiffened.

"This yere," he said, "is no time for such talk. We all know who killed Jarsen without bein' told by you. We've quit takin' orders from you, me buck, put that in your pipe an' smoke it. Mr Marble is a friend of our'n—we know him, an' we're actin' now accordin' to——" He caught himself up abruptly as though afraid of saying too much

"Yes, why don't you finish?" Harland sneered, although inwardly he quaked at the thought of what might happen. He knew the temper of the men. Marble had always been their id[illegible] under his thumb—and just now [illegible] murder had excited them to a pitch which was akin to the frenzy of a pack of famished wolves on a fresh trail. It would take skillful handling to make them listen to reason, and he knew it Already they were showing signs of unrest at what they considered to be unnecessary delay.

"Why don't you," he went on, "tell us that you are acting under Marble's orders in this, that you know him to be guilty not only of the murder, but of the robberies as well? Why not, eh? Pe-

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cause he wishes to hide behind you and make you bear the brunt of whatever happens, and then cast you aside like a torn glove. Bah! John Marble is not only a murderer. He's a thief and a coward!"

Rooney shifted himself awkwardly on his chair and glared about him in uneasy helplessness. He did not know what to reply. His mentality was not equal to the strain that was being put upon it, he already more than half wished himself elsewhere. He was about to take refuge in an outburst of profanity, when the thing that Harland had been playing for happened.

Marble stood up and faced his chief. For an instant the two men confronted each other. Both were outwardly calm and unruffled. One was bound, disheveled, and stern-eyed; the other smiling cynically, seemed the embodiment of perfect ease. Each knew that the affair had narrowed to a duel between them alone, and each was tensing himself after his own manner for the fray. The onlookers, feeling this, became silent as statues.

"Boys," began Marble, in his quiet drawl, letting his eyes sweep carelessly over the crowd and smiling in an assumption of that good fellowship which had won him so many friends among them. "I guess I'd better say a few words to you. I have borne witness against Mr. Harland, as you know, not because I wish him any harm, but because it has been my duty. Rooney, here, will tell you that I advised him to wait until the sheriff could be notified of what has happened and the proper legal steps taken, but you all refused to wait. Mr. Harland has accused me of certain things, the proof of which he will find it hard to establish. I deny them, of course, and I leave it to you to say if I am telling the truth. Harland's insinuation that I have been concerned in the robberies which have taken place here is merely a guess and an absurd one."

He stopped, still smiling amiably, and waited for Harland to reply.

The latter did not do so immediately, however, but eyed the men carefully while they digested what Marble had said. He knew them for a rough, hard-bitten lot, but he knew, too, that most of them were honest, that they loved a brave man, and that physical prowess was their god. It was more on account of his tremendous strength and ability in a rough-and-tumble fight than anything else that Marble had gained his place over them, and already Harland had thought of a way to turn the tables.

"Men," he said evenly, when the conversation which followed the assistant's words had subsided, "I want you to listen to me carefully. You are being deluded and drawn into a very serious action by a man who is far too clever for you. Marble is guilty of all that I have said and more. He knows that I know this, and he is trying to get me out of the way to save his own skin. If some of you will go into the old shaft and test the wall of the cross-cut directly behind the smelting-house you will soon see how he has been getting at the gold. Vining, and Rooney—I think—are in it with him; but so much for that. I have a proposition to make you.

"After you have examined the old shaft and found that I have been telling the truth to you, untie me and let Marble and me fight it out man to man in your presence. The winner shall be let go scot free; but the beaten man is to be held until the sheriff can be notified and he can be brought to trial. There is a simple way to settle the whole business, and no one will get into trouble. If I win, I shall—except so far as those guilty of the murder and robberies are concerned—forget what has happened here. I know that the greater part of you are not really to blame. What do you say? Is it a go?"

For an instant, as though stunned by the unexpectedness of the thing, the men were dumb. Then, suddenly realizing the full import of Harland's words, they gave vent to a hoarse cheer and surged toward him. Not one of them but what loved a fight for its own sake, although few of them would have given [illegible] for the superintendent's chance. Marble had never met his match, and they felt that Harland was merely committing [illegible] he was game, and for this very gameness they were beginning to love him. Already their attitude toward him had changed.

Marble, [illegible] in the belief that the combat would be child's play for him and that he had nothing to lose, stood quietly by while Harland's bonds were cut and several of the miners made an inspection of the old shaft. The fact that they verified the superintendent's discovery of the secret passage did not seem to bother the assistant in the least, although Vining was visibly worried.

As they moved into the light of lanterns and fire in the middle of the living ring, the two combatants presented a great contrast. Marble, tall and massively built, with the neck and head of a prize-fighter and the thick limbs of a wrestler, looked exactly what he was, a tremendously powerful man. His masklike face, set now in a vengeful grin, was a sight well calculated to inspire fear and loathing in the heart of an opponent. His great, lumpy shoulders and long arms were mute evidence of the enormous strength so much admired by the miners; he was a rough-and-tumble fighter, impervious to pain, and with no scruples as to foul play; he fought simply to win, and it was his boast that no man had ever escaped from the grip of his arms.

Harland, on the other hand, was well-molded and clean-limbed, possessing the broad shoulders and narrow hips of the born athlete who has enhanced his natural gifts by constant, rigorous exercise. His supple, unpretentious muscles slipped pliantly and smoothly under his clear skin, like the folds and coils of a snake, giving no hint to the untrained eye of the tremendous power that lurked in them; they moved always as though running in a bath of oil. He was a finished boxer and wrestler, with a punching power seldom equaled in a man of his weight, which was less by over twenty pounds than that of his adversary.

Confident in his own ability and thinking to end the battle in jig time, Marble rushed and swung his right fist at Harland's jaw. There was force enough behind the blow, had it landed, to fell an ox; but Harland ducked it easily and countered with a stinging left which brought blood from his opponent's nose. With a snarl of fury at this unexpected check, the assistant rushed again, this time attempting to seize the other in his arms; but once more he was shaken to the heels by a terrific blow in the [illegible]. Thus, for several minutes, the fight went on, Marble always rushing in and Harland planting his blows unerringly on the leering, bloody face, which was rapidly taking on the appearance of raw beef.

In breathless interest the spectators watched and waited for what they knew must happen sooner or later. Harland's superior science and agility were telling in his favor; but his blows seemed only to infuriate Marble; the punishment would count for nothing if he ever got close enough to grip the lighter man in his arms. At last, in ducking one of his opponent's wild swings, Harland stumbled on the uneven ground, and before he could recover himself he was seized in a grip that made him gasp. Slowly Marble exerted his terrible strength, steadily and surely forcing the breath from the other man's body. One long arm was wound about Harland's waist, while the other was beneath his chin, pressing his head back in an attempt to break his neck. Marble had found his opportunity at last; he had obtained his favorite hold; a hold which no man had ever escaped with a whole body. Vining smiled grimly when he saw it. In a few moments Harland would be forever beyond giving them any further trouble. Bill Dallas also smiled, but his smile had a different meaning. His big frame bent and balanced on his toes, like a sprinter ready to start, the ex-cowboy was following the fight with dry lips and bated breath. He knew, and he knew that Harland knew, one way to break that hold.

As he felt his opponent's arms go around him and begin to squeeze the life out of his body, Harland brought all his powerful muscles to bear on a violent effort to free himself. Again and again he heaved until it seemed as though nothing human could withstand the pressure he was exerting, but each time the assistant only grunted and wrapped himself a little closer about his victim; his strength seemed resistless, abnormal, and there was an exultant glitter in his pale eyes as he glared venomously into Harland's face; he knew that it was only a question of time before his opponent's body would go limp. Harland, himself, realized this, and as he struggled in an almost superhuman endeavor to break the steel-like band which encompassed him, he suddenly recalled a trick taught him years before by Bill Dallas—a trick then in vogue among the lumberjacks of the Northwest.

With a violent lunge he twisted his shoulders until he could bring both hands [illegible] in front of him, and then with a quick jerk up between the assistant's arms. Fingers spread and [illegible] the talons of a hawk, the hands came up and fastened on Marble's mottled face, the thumb-balls pressing them in and up into his eye-sockets. [illegible] thus, Harland put all his [illegible] into one swift upward [illegible]. Among lumbermen this is known as the [illegible] trick which has robbed more than one man of his sight—and no man has ever been known to withstand the

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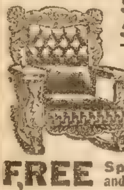

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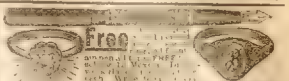

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excruciating agony it inflicts. Marble was no exception. With a [illegible] of mingled rage and pain, he loosened his grasp and sprang back

"D——n you!" he breathed, wiping his bloody lips on the back of his hand, "I'll kill you for that, you ——"

Half-blinded, he rushed again at his opponent, determined now, at any cost, to end things quickly. As he came on in his heavy, bull-like lunge, Harland stepped forward to meet him. Side-stepping at just the right instant, he struck straight at the assistant's brutish face. The blow came without warning, swiftly, suddenly, with all his weight and the strength of his splendid shoulders behind it; a blow like the fall of a hammer.

Too quick to be blocked or ducked, the hard fist smashed fair and true on the point of the chin. Marble swayed, stiffened, toppled, and then crashed forward at full length, like a falling tree. His forehead thumped on tha hard ground and he lay motionless.

"God!" the exclamation, it was not an oath, came from a miner who, with tense features and staring eyes, was standing in the front row of the circle. He had witnessed many a hard fight in the course of his career; but never had he seen a knockout punch delivered more cleanly. Undisguised admiration gleamed in his eyes, and in those of his companions, as they were turned on the superintendent. Vining, seeing this, swung on his heel and slunk away in the direction of the house.

For a few minutes Harland remained motionless, regaining his breath and silently contemplating the unconscious body of his late adversary; then he turned and looked at his men.

"You fellows go to your quarters," he [illegible] calmly. "Bill," he turned to [illegible] "get a bucket of water and bring Marble back to life. Then bring him to me at the office."

CHAPTER VII

AN HOUR later Bill Dallas unceremoniously thrust his prisoner into the office and closed the door behind him.

[illegible] in the grip of the big stable boss, V[illegible] seemed to relish his position [illegible] n, the assistant presented a [illegible] st to his usually debonair [illegible] ce, battered and bruised al[illegible] recognition, [illegible] to swell; but it [illegible] ical hurts [illegible] most. The man's s[illegible] [illegible]. Confident in his own cleverness [illegible] Marble had forgotten he could be made to answer for his crimes. Now that he had been brought [illegible], beaten at his own game by a man he hated, he was utterly crushed

"Well," Harland began, eying the wreck before him, "you've made a nice mess of things, Marble. You're caught, and I've got proof enough to [illegible] you to jail, so you might as well [illegible] clean breast of it. Why did you kill Jarsen?"

For an instant the caricature of a grin spread over the assistant's puffed lips.

"That was nothing," he answered. "It was self-defense—him or me—and I'm not afraid to face a jury on it. He was one of us and he turned on me; that's all."

"I hope for your own sake that you're right; but enough of that. I want to know just how you 'doctored' the bullion. You might as well tell and save trouble, for we shall find out anyhow. Vining will squeal whenever he's caught [illegible] that kind, you know—and I've already phoned Sheriff Woods about the whole business. Just now I suppose Vining is hiding in the hills, but he can't keep hid long; and I have Rooney locked up. You might as well out with it, Marble."

"I've half a mind not to," Marble rejoined, after a short silence, "but I guess you're right. Vining will peach, and the job's up, anyway. Look under Vining's bunk in the smelting-house annex—it's all there. A slick scheme, too, if I do say it. If you hadn't found me that night, and my cursed temper hadn't got away from me; but——" He stopped abruptly and said very little more until the arrival of the sheriff.

Soon after daylight, accompanied by Sheriff Woods—a wiry little man with a reputation for straight shooting and unflinching nerve—Harland ransacked Vining's quarters. Beneath the bunk they found several loose boards, which, upon being lifted, disclosed a deep excavation under the floor. In this hole were two pouches filled with gold shavings—evidently the thieves' last clean-up—and an ingeniously planned contrivance which bored needle-like holes in the ingots of gold, the perforations then being deftly sealed on the surface. In this manner the thieves had found it possible to take a small amount of gold from each ingot without in the least altering its appearance. It was a very clever scheme, and Harland, as he revolved its details in his mind, could not help admiring the ingenuity of the men who had planned and executed it, though conscious that the Law, despite his own promises and kindness of heart, would lay a very heavy hand on the criminals.

The End.

* * *

"Joy cometh in the morning," [illegible] wise man—and if you are not [illegible] [illegible]ser you have a splendid chance of miss[illegible]

She Had a Cold.

"My! but you've got a cold!" said the girl with the accentuated Robespierre collar at the enamelware counter as she paused in the act of putting a nicked saucepan under the pile out of sight.

"Gold?" echoed the girl at the small hardware counter in a tone of infinite scorn. "Got a gold? What I've got is as an iceberg to a small icicle when it comes to golds! But I thought I had a good time getting it, M'ree!"

"Howjuh do it?" inquired the girl with the Robespierre collar.

"Why, the Jolly Rover Social Club gave a midsummer party the other night," explained the afflicted one.

"In zero weather!" cried the girl at the enamelware. "For the land's sake! were they crazy? S'pose you had a beach party and went for a swim and had ice cream for refreshments afterward! B-r-r-r!"

"Not exactly," said the sufferer. "Of course, it was zero, but that's what made it interesting. It's always interesting to do things people don't expect you to do, isn't it?"

"Maybe," agreed the girl at the enamelware counter. "But there are limits! Now, if any one requested me to go on a violet picking expedition in January it would be unexpected, but, nevertheless, crazy. I hope I have sense enough to know a snowbank from a steam radiator. I don't wonder you have a cold!"

"We had the party at the hall," explained the girl at the hardware counter. "And it would have been all right only something seemed to go wrong with the heating plant. The president of the club said she told the janitor to have it hotter than usual, but the janitor must have got mixed and done the opposite. So when we came in dressed in white organdies and such things everybody turned purple almost at once.

"Now, it doesn't help a girl's temper to know that she's a light heliotrope tinge and she can't be her own sweet self when she realizes that she has a bright red nose and goose pimples on her hands and arms! So everybody started with a bad temper. Jimmy said I stepped on his feet, but I didn't—it was his last summer shoes that were too small for him and his feet were numb from cold, anyhow. He couldn't listen kindly to my explanation, [illegible] when we sat down to talk there was an icy blast from the window right down his collar, and Jimmy is awfully sensitive to drafts. So he got mad at me and went over to talk to that Flossy Soller—her in the ribbons—because he said he wouldn't get pneumonia for any girl and I had put him there on purpose.

"To get even with Jimmy I smiled at Percy Wagner and he took me to have some lemonade that ought 'a' been boiled, it was so cold, and then he sat me down in a corner and talked to me and Jimmy could see us and I wouldn't 'a' [illegible] if I'd frozen to the spot. I most [illegible] too, because there was a cold air radiator in the floor right there and I know the other end was connected with the North Pole. I had on my ruffled dimity and white shoes and hosiery and my teeth were chattering. Percy's nose looked frostbitten and his knees knocked together. When we tried to dance we sort of fell around like clothespins.

"Then we sat in a circle and ate ice cream and our throats froze up till we ought 'a' called a plumber and everybody said, 'Ain't we having a fine time?' And Jimmy glowered till I was afraid his face would crack with the cold and everything. Then finally, just as Percy and I were getting some more lemonade, Jimmy grabbed me by the arm.

"'Say,' he hissed, 'I've had enough of that sissy fellow trailing after you!'

"Just as I drew away, indignant like—for nobody can boss me, even if it is Jimmy—Percy sort of fell against the lemonade bowl and it tipped over and soaked Jimmy and me. I'd hate to think it of Percy, but I can't see how he could have upset that bowl without planning it.

"Well, of course Jimmy and I had to go home then, and my! the language that man used was something wonderful! I didn't see how there could be any more language in the world, but I found there was, for when we started to get off the street car Jimmy found his duck trousers that had got soaked with lemonade were frozen to the seat. The conductor wouldn't hold the car while Jimmy tore them loose! He said there were no rules'n regulations requiring a conductor to delay service just because a passenger got frozen to the sea

"By the time we got home my dimity dress skirt was so frozen with lemonade that it rattled like tin, and when I hit the doorpost it cracked and ruined itself. I s'pose I must 'a' got my gold somehow during the evening."

"It looks that way," agreed the girl at the enamelware counter.

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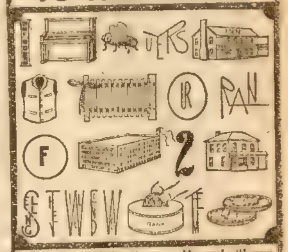

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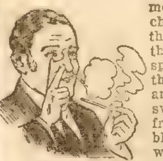


Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat. It usually begins with a cold in the head. Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs. The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

Contains No Tobacco

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong, and reasoned that as catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) which, when placed in an ordinary clean pipe—made into medicated cigarettes or burned on a plate and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs, or by sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the accompanying illustration the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy fights and kills Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that it can be used at home by man, woman or child.

DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY
REACHES HERE
AND HERE
AND HERE
AND HERE
AND HERE

Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and he will send you by mail a liberal trial package entirely free, containing a small pipe, a few cigarettes, and also an illustrated booklet explaining Catarrh. If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, you cannot afford to neglect the use of this remedy.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor goes to every spot and gives immediate relief, you will be convinced. The regular package, (100 cigarettes or 30 days supply for pipe), sent by mail, postpaid for $1. Send for the free sample or regular package today.

CUT OUT HERE

Dr. J. W. Blosser
427 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga.
FREE Coupon

Dear Doctor:—I have read your generous offer and you may send me by mail, free of all charges, a trial treatment and outfit and facts about catarrh

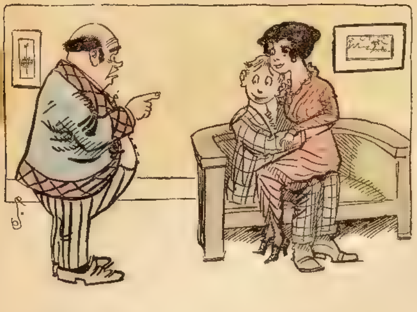
NAME ....

POST OFFICE ....

R. F. D. No. ...... Box ...... STATE ......

P. O. Box ...... Street ......

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.



Her Father—"Young man, you have a great nerve to address my daughter as your treasure."
Flossie—"That's all right, dad I've just elected him treasurer."

His Privilege.

It was during the rush hours and the car was crowded to its full capacity and then some.

A rather gaudily dressed young man was standing next to a German, each holding on to the overhanging strap. The car gave a sudden lurch, which resulted in the young man's stepping on the German's toes This irritated the German, who addressed the other angrily.

"Mine friendt," he said, "I know mine feet was meant to be valked on, but dot brivilege belongs to me."

■

Grandma Would Settle.

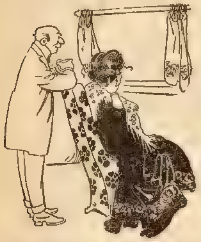
"I want some cloth to make my dolly a dress," announced a little girl of 7, as she entered a store the other day

"How much is it?" she asked when the merchant handed her the package

"Just one kiss," was the reply

'All right," she said, "Grandma said she would pay you when she came in tomorrow"

♣



Mrs. Bridemore—"Clarice has a new riding horse fourteen feet tall."
Mr. Bridemore—"Hands, not feet."
Mrs. Bridemore—"That's what she said, but, of course, it was a mistake, because horses don't have hands"

A Recount Demanded.

Just after the declaration of the poll at one of the Parliamentary by-elections, in England, the wife of an ardent supporter of the defeated candidate gave birth to triplets. The disappointed politician wended his way rather gloomily homeward, meditating on the possibility of the successful candidate being unseated on a recount of the poll, and on his arrival he was met at the door by a beaming nurse

"Oh, Mr. ——," she exclaimed, "your wife has had triplets"

"Oh, no, impossible' was the father's horrified exclamation "I demand a recount"

■

Would Return Soon.

'Mr. Lane called again this morning, sir ' said the new office boy as Mr. Stuart entered the office

"Did you tell him I'd gone to Europe, as I told you to, Edward?" asked Mr. Stuart

"Yes, sir," answered the boy "I told him you started this morning

That's a good boy," said Stuart. "And what did he say"

"He wanted to know when you'd be back," replied Edward, "and I told him 'After lunch,' sir

♣

Unfit as Guide.

Jimmy and his pals were playing marbles as the new minister came along.

"Boys can you show me the way to the postoffice?"

Jimmy pointed the way and then returned to his marbles

"Little man don't you know it is wrong to play marbles That is a form of gambling Come with me and I will show you the way to Heaven"

'Ah, cheese it, mister; you show me the way to Heaven? Why, you don't even know the way to the postoffice!"

♣

A Boy's Stratagem.

Proud Father—"I tell you, sir, that boy of mine will be a wonder'

Friend (wearily)—"What wonderful thing has he done now?"

Proud Father—"Why, the other day he ate all the preserves in the pantry. I overheard him say, as he smeared the cat's face with the stuff, 'I'm sorry, Tom, to do this, but I can't have the old folks suspect me.'"

Sympathy.

She was angry, and her face revealed the fact

'What is the matter, dear!" said her husband, as he entered the kitchen.

"You see that?" she replied vehemently as she raised a mixing bowl in which she had just broken an egg. "That is the second bad egg I have found today. I believe Jim Fletcher keeps all the bad ones he gets in his old store for me!"

'Well you shouldn't get angry about it, Nellie' said her husband, soberly. "You ought to have more sympathy."

"Sympathy!" she echoed. "What do you mean? Sympathy for Jim Fletcher?"

'No, for the eggs," he replied. "Think how long they must have been tryin' to be good"

♣

Why the Baby Was Bounced.

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung powers. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from Heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother.

Johnny was silent for a minute, and then he went on: "I say, ma."

'What is it, Johnny?

"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?'

♣

Cause for Indignation.

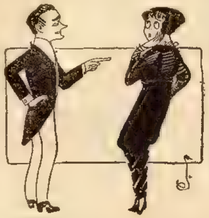
An angry advertiser rushed into the office of a country paper recently and shouted:

"See here, our ad ought to read, 'Thousands of patrons are wearing trousers of our make.'"

The foreman of the composingroom looked up and weakly said: "Well?"

The irate advertiser threw down a copy of the paper containing the ad. The compositor had made it "matrons"

♣



Young Man—"I am the only man you ever loved"
The Miss—"Yes."
Young Man—"Then why have you called me 'George' seven times when my name is Artie?"

♣

Debt of Gratitude.

"They are always talkin' about the wonders of electricity," said Farmer Corntossel, "but there's one of its greatest achievements they don't mention."

"To what do you refer?"

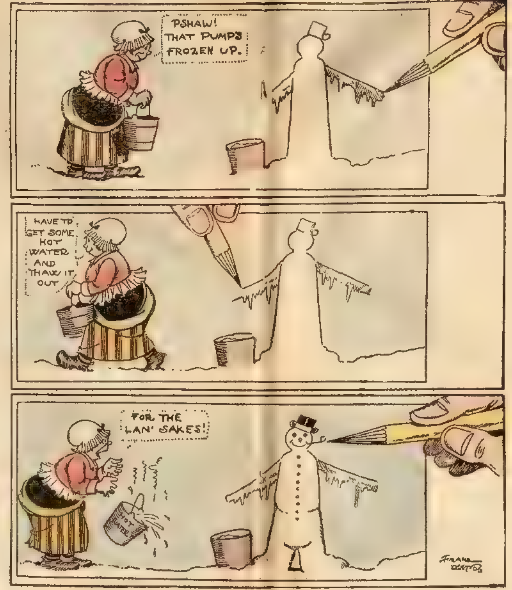
"The way it has killed off the fellers who made jokes about people who went to town an' blew out the gas.'

♣

A FLITTING.

A fly and a flea in a flue,
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly: "Let us flee."
Said the flea: "Let us fly.'
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

ARTIST FOOLINGS


PSHAW! THAT PUMP'S FROZEN UP.
HAVE TO GET SOME HOT WATER AND THAW IT OUT
FOR THE LAN' SAKES!
HOT WATER

In Advance.

Doctor—"From now on you may let your husband have a glass of beer every day. You understand?"

Wife—"Yes, doctor—just one glass a day'

Doctor (a week later)—"Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass per day that I allowed your husband to take"

Wife—"Most decidedly, doctor—only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance.'

♣

He Was Right.

That large bump running across the back of your head," said the phrenologist, "means that you are inclined to be curious, even to the point of recklessness."

"I know it," said the man who was consulting him; "I got that bump by sticking my head into the dumb waiter shaft to see if the waiter was going up and it was coming down."

Prudent.

Mother—"Well May, how did you like the circus? Did you give the baby elephant some peanuts"

May—"Should say not. The peanuts were not good for babies, so I ate his share myself."

♣

Cold World.

Tramp—"If you please, mum, have you any cold vittles?"

Housekeeper—"I am very sorry to say, sir, that everything is hot" (Slams the door)

She Ordered Clam Chowder.

Lady—"Once last summer I saw some boys 'treading for clams,' as they called it. They were very dirty-looking boys they were barefooted—feet unwashed, most likely—and they were walking through the mud at low tide. When they felt a clam with their feet, they lifted it out with their toes. It just made me sick. I hope your clams are not caught in that way'

Waiter—"In course not, ma'am! The man wot furnishes clams to this restaurant fishes for 'em with a silver spoon"

♣

Doubly Blest.

A commercial traveler is on friendly terms with the porter of a sleeping car that he frequently uses

What do you think, James," announced the salesman one morning gleefully, 'I have good news for you. We've had a birth in our family—twins."

"Dat am no berth sah," said James with a broad grin; 'dat am a section."

She Bought a Door Bell.

Agent—"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I have been requested by a number of persons to call here and show you our new patent Electric Wakethedead Doorbell It's very hard on hands to have to knock, ma'am, and everybody says the only reason why you haven't a bell is because you never thought of it'

Housekeeper That's very true I really had forgotten that there was no bell. Put one in

Agent (half an hour later)—"It's all done, ma'am. Here's the bill. Thank you. I'll receipt it'

Housekeeper—"Would you object to telling me who the persons were who complained that I had no bell?'

Agent—"They were peddlers, ma'am Good day, ma'am."

♣

The Beginning.

A friend of the family had been summoned to testify, much against his will as to domestic disturbances in a certain household

"You saw those blows administered?" asked counsel

"Yes, sir," replied the witness

"Did you witness the beginning of the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Dash?"

"I did"

"When was it?"

"Six years ago"

"Six years ago! How is that possible?"

"I was a guest at their wedding," said the witness

♣

The Detective Foiled.

Detective Burns, the famous sleuth, entered the office with a sneer on his face

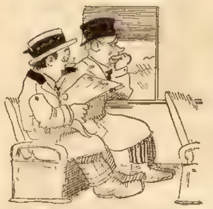
"You sent for me to test my ability," he said. "I am at your bidding. I can do anything."

"Then follow the fashions for a month and keep track of them," we announced.

With a cry of anguish, the baffled sleuth bowed his head in shame.

He recognized the impossible.

♣



Binks—'Did you quit a winner?"
Jinks—"Oh, yes; Jones was winning and I quit him."

♣

His Request.

"Lie still, there, and I won't hurt you All I want is your money and your jewels and then I'll git."

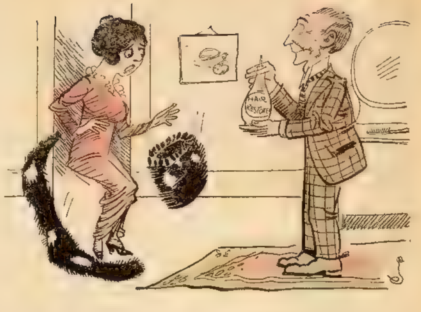
"All right, old man, and while you're searching for the jewels, if you run across my dress shirt studs I wish you'd put them out on the dresser. I haven't been able to find them for a month."

♣

Had Seen Better Days.

Wearie William (crawling into a drain pipe for a night's rest)—"This ain't quite so warm as a palace car."

Moldy Mike (crawling into another)—"No, but there's more room."



His Wife—"I dunno what I'm goin' to do for furs this winter. The hair's all fallin' out o' these."
Mr. Nickelpinch—"Yes, I noticed it, so brought you this bottle of hair grower."

His Examination.

There is a story about a young man who was being examined for admission to the Florida bar. The examination ran thus

"Young man, are you malaria proof?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you ride?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you own a horse?"

"Yes, sir.'

"Is he a good swamp swimmer?"

"Yes, sir"

"Then, young man, I welcome you to the practice of law in this district"—Judge

♣

His Report.

A man who kept a small shop was waiting on a single customer early one morning. His little boy and he were alone at the time, and the shopkeeper was obliged to go upstairs for some change. Before doing so he whispered to the little chap to watch the customer, to see that he didn't steal anything

Very soon the proprietor returned with the necessary change and the boy sang out: "He didn't steal a thing, Pa; I watched him"

♣

A Good Reason.

"Is there any good reason why I should give you five cents?" asked the well dressed, elderly man of the youth who accosted him

"Well," said the small boy, as he retired from the danger zone, "if I had a nice high hat like yours I wouldn't want it to be soaked with a snowball"

♣

Told the Truth.

She—"You told me I was the only woman you ever proposed to."

He—"True."

"True, is it? I've heard that you've been engaged to three women."

"All of them were widows, my love. They didn't wait for a proposal'

♣

On Account of Sickness.

"Why aren't you at school, little boy?"

"I stayed away on account of sickness, sir.

"And who is sick, if I may ask?"

"The truant officer."

Skill in Acting.

"Now," said the professor, "when you have taken a few lessons in acting I think I can commend you as a highly competent dentist."

"What do I want with lessons in acting?'

"After you have assured a patient that you are not going to hurt him you must show great skill in displaying grief and surprise when he yells."

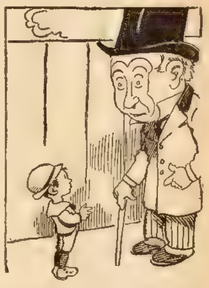
♣

Getting a Man's Wages.

Reporter (to Woman's Rights agitator)—'And do you honestly believe that a woman should get a man's wages?"

Agitator (grimly humorous) "It depends upon whether she's married to him or not."

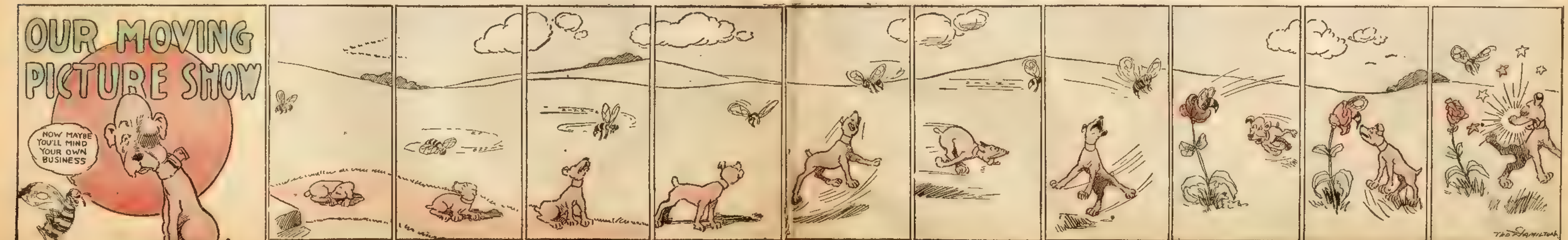
♣



"So you're saving up to buy an airship? You're quite an ambitious little boy'

"Yes, sir, I want ter fly over Jimmie Mack's yard an' drop bricks on to him'"

HIS CURIOSITY SATISFIED


OUR MOVING PICTURE SHOW
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS
TED HAMILTON

The Pup—"Now for a quiet snooze——

"What's those? Listen!—bz-z-z——

'Gee! look at that darned thing'——

[illegible]

[illegible] time'—

[illegible] can't get away from me, ding-darn him!——

"Just missed him! Lord, but he's quick!——

"Ah-ha! he's mine!——

"Now I have him dead to rights——

Ki yi! Ki yi! Somebody stabbed me!"

WRINKLES MUST GO

Remove your wrinkles and marks of age, my way—

Free to all

To every lady reader who writes me I will mail a free copy of my book, entitled **MY BOOK OF BEAUTY.** It tells you how to preserve; retain or develop to its fullest possibilities the charm of your face and form. An entirely new way. Results in five days or less. A plain common sense home method of treatment, that delights and astonishes all. **MY BOOK OF BEAUTY** will tell you **FREE,** how you can remove the Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, Blackheads, Acne, Pimples and facial blemishes.

NO MATTER WHAT YOU TRIED

My book tells you the reason of your past failures. My method has no record of failures. Throw away the Sticky Gums; Worthless Plasters; Harmful Instruments; Poisonous Washes, Expensive Vibrators or Cupping Devices, that never have helped you, and let me tell you how to

Restore the Bloom of Youth.

Send me no money, as my Book of Beauty is **FREE.** It explains how all this can be done at home. Don't experiment with old useless methods any longer, that rob you of from 50c to $1, at a time. **STOP NOW,** and wait till you have my book. It will save for you the beauty you now have, or restore what has been lost. You will no longer need, powder or cosmetics of any kind. Learn how to have a clear smooth skin such as nature bestows on the young.

MY BOOK TELLS YOU

How to obtain FREE in connection with all this, the secret of how to [illegible] Superfluous Flesh, if you are over weight. How to remove Superfluous Hair, if you are afflicted in that way. How to Develop the bust, if you are undeveloped. My book explains just how I give them away and **WHY I DO SO.** You want to know, so that you can [illegible] remove the wrinkles, and other [illegible]. Write today as I only advertise [illegible] and you may not see the ad. again. **ACT NOW.**

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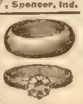

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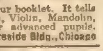

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DISPATCHER BOB'S CRISIS

By P. G. ESTEE

"We have burst a flue
On engine fifty-two.
We are in the way of number two,
Engineer Blue."

IT WAS three o'clock of a bitter cold morning in late December when the poetically inclined engineer of No. 52, the B. N.'s local, composed his verse and handed it to Hank Davis at Brokstad to transmit to the dispatcher at Zillah.

At exactly 3:01 he had his answer.

"Engineer Blue,
If you don't mend that flue
And clear for number two,
We won't do much to you."

Not much poetry as poetry goes, but those two verses of doggerel, crude though they were, made history on the Zillah division. Somehow they struck the humor of the trainmen and enginemen, and for months they were repeated over and over with laughter and applause, and the ability of the man working third trick in the Zillah headquarter's office to "come back" at Engineer Blue so aptly and on the instant won him more friends out on the line than would ten years of faithful dispatching with never a congestion or bad "meet."

Bob Morton, the youngest of the Zillah dispatching force, was the man on the string that morning, and when the boys of the line discovered his name and hours, he found the way made smooth more than once, when, had it not been for the aforesaid verses, the going might have been rough for the "kid" dispatcher.

This was when Bob was striving hard to make good for his own sake and for the sake of the girl. He worked his eight-hour trick, midnight until eight, and then studied railroading from all articles and all authorities a part of each day. The balance of the time he passed sleeping or visiting the Girl. A good share of the time he was out at the pleasant farm home of the Jarlins, visiting with the pretty dark-eyed daughter of the house, he should have been at his boarding-house resting up for the nerve-taxing work of getting the traffic of the B. N. over the Zillah's single track. Ava knew this and told him so. Bob knew it and told himself as much, and then calmly disregarded all warning.

Now there can be too much study and then, too, love and train dispatching do not always mix well, and twice Bob came near having his dispatching career terminate in anything but a blaze of glory. Only the loyalty of the men of the line who cheerfully "covered" some cases of worse than poor judgment, saved his position. A less popular man would have been left to take the consequences. Thoroughly awakened, the young man determined to show his friends that he deserved at least some measure of their kindness, and doubtless this story would not have been written had there not, just at this time, entered a rival for the affections of the Girl.

It is doubtful if Ava was at any time in earnest, and if Bob had promptly squelched the germs of jealousy, affairs would never have gone to such a length, but even the best and sweetest of girls will do those things that drive their lovers frantic. Possibly they would not be appreciated as they are if they did not occasionally show the chosen one that he had indeed won something worth retaining

Anyway, when Sam Madden came out from the general offices to take the position as division passenger agent, with headquarters at Zillah, he was not long in appraising the charms of the young ladies of that little city and vicinity, and of them all he found Ava Jarlin the loveliest and most interesting.

Now Madden was handsome enough and clever enough, but he had an overbearing, cocksure manner that set the nerves of his fellow workers on edge, and in two months he had made more enemies and secured less business than any one of a long line of predecessors. Assuredly Ava never cared for him, but Bob had allowed his feelings to show all too plainly, and before Ava wearied of tantalizing him there came an open quarrel, and then Bob dropped the study of railroading and took up the more fascinating but less profitable study of various liquids—the kind they sold in the "tough" joints where the wilder spirits of the men of the Zillah were wont to find relaxation. These few were not slow to acquaint their soberer fellows with the story of the appearance of the new recruit, and urged that he be talked to and herded back to the safe paths.

The news was first told at a gathering of the congenial "old heads" in the office of the Eating House—where all great matters affecting Zillah, and in fact the entire system, were brought up, discussed, and settled.

Talk be dommed! It's that dad blasted agitator"—as General Agent Madden had been dubbed—"chasing out to the Jarlin farm. That's what ails Bobby. Talk would do no more good than waving a high ball to a balky mule," stated Conductor Rafferty, with conviction.

"It stands to reason," observed Engineer Blue, judicially, "that having gone with the boy for three years, the girl can care nothing for that young general aggravator. She's merely having a little fun with Bob, and he got mad too quick to see the point."

"What they need is a crisis, to sort of show them both just how they feel," agreed the night roundhouse foreman, who had dropped in for his midnight lunch.

"Right you are, and for our own protection it's ourselves should hand out a crisis, and that at once. Bobby in love was bad, but Bobby on the rampage—Boys, some night the lad will run amuck and see how high he can pile the rolling stock of the Zillah."

"Not as bad as that, Dad," grinned "Dad" Blake's fireman. "A crisis might help some, though. Now, my own life has been full of them things. Leave it to me, gents, and in a few days I will lay before you a plan for a crisis warranted to unite the two loving hearts and put the general agitator in the scrap heap."

"Be careful, boys, or you may run into a crisis, ready-made and waiting for you," warned the old station master, as the group broke up a little later.

It was two nights later that Bob reported for duty half an hour late. He had drank nothing, a brakeman and a first-trick dispatcher having taken their turn at guarding him from himself, but he was in no shape for the eight hours of nerve-racking work, and even as he checked the train sheet with Langley and went over the order book in making the transfer, his mind was wandering to Ava and the general agent and the glimpse he had caught of them a few hours before as they passed in the latter's auto.

As the hours wore on he managed to concentrate his mind on the work in hand, but the familiar and loved chatter of the brass-tongued messengers on his desk failed to cheer him, and he could not respond in kind to Engineer Blue's jovial hail, when at two-thirty that worthy came up to the window for orders to run light with engine 1293, Zillah to Big Tree. In silence Bob handed him order 77 which read:

"Eng. 1293 run extra light, Zillah to Big Tree."

The 1293 was rolling smoothly out of the big yards when Night Chief Barkley returned from the stationery room. As he passed to his desk he glanced out at the rapidly disappearing tail lights of the engine.

"Where did you make the 'meet' for the 1293 and the preference extra, order 51?" he asked.

"Extra? What ext——?" gasped Bob. His fingers flashed to the pages of his order book. Then, just as he was drawing a breath of relief, he saw it. Order 51, transferred to him, and with his initals pencilled above. It read:

"Engine 257 run as preference extra, Brokstad to Zillah, with right over all except first-class trains."

Brokstad was the junction where the trains of the fifty-mile Sunnyside branch came onto the main line. The 257 was pulling a train of stock, and with right of track would be wheeling them along at her best speed. Only one station was between Brokstad and Zillah, and that was closed for the balance of the night.

Bob's face was as white as the page of his order book, but his voice was quiet as he spoke to the chief.

"Dan, the roadmaster's gas car is below. I am going to catch Blue. I told him to take it easy. Try and get that operator at Kline. He sleeps in the office. The 257 will be by there in three or four minutes. Moore," he called to the side table operator, "help me get the car on the rails." Then he whirled to the chief's desk, and Barkley caught the flash as he slipped the revolver in his pocket.

"Keep back, Dan," warned the dispatcher. "If I don't catch Blue I am going to join him a little later on a long trip. Don't try to stop me."

A moment later the night chief, slipping into Bob's chair to call frantically but vainly for the closed station, heard the "sput, sput!" as the motor car shot out over the switches toward the east.

In the next room the night call boy, following Barkley's orders, had rung for the central and the rural line to the Jarlin farm, and was sobbing into the

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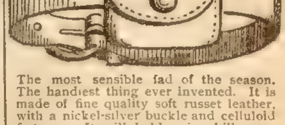

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telephone as he waited. The answer came in a moment almost. Ava, sleeping near, had been awakened first.

"Run, Miss Jarlin! Two trains goin' meet near your place. Bob, he done it, an' he's after 'em on the motor car. He's gonna kill himself! Run! Run! Run!"

His last shouted words did not reach [illegible]. One second after his first sentence she had thought she must fall, and then [illegible] responded to the need, and it was scarcely a moment until she was out of the house and running wildly down the path to the half-mile of road that led to the railroad from the Jarlin farm.

Barefooted and bareheaded, her hair streaming behind and the white nightgown covered by a bath robe, she had stopped only to light the big farm lantern, "haymakers" as the railroad boys decisively term them. But the haymaker did great service that night, for Engineer Blue saw its light from afar, and rightly interpreted the frantic signals.

Bob, careering eastward with the little motor car at top speed, swaying and plunging, threatening to leave the rails at every curve, thought of nothing and cared for nothing but that he might be in time to save the lives his own carelessness had imperiled. Alternately he prayed and cursed himself, and again and again his hand felt for the pocket which contained the chief's new revolver.

Then suddenly he rounded a long curve [illegible] close before him the glowing red lights on the rear of the 1293's tender. He did not moderate his speed. It could not be that they had stopped. Too late he saw figures dart from the shadow of the engine and run toward him waving wildly, while far down the track ahead ran another frantically signalling with an oiling torch.

The only collision that night occurred when the motor car wrecked itself on [illegible] immovable tender of the 1293. What was left of the motor car was hardly [illegible] taking back to Zillah, but in some [illegible]culous manner Bob was thrown [illegible] of the wreck and escaped with a [illegible] arm and unnumbered bruises.

"I see the crisis you fellows worked up turned out fine," said the old station [illegible], a few nights later.

Only muttered exclamations came from the little group, and then Engineer Blue spoke.

"[illegible]an," he said soberly, "that was the ready-made crisis you spoke of. It was [illegible] thing the Zillah ever knew. [illegible] hadn't been that that little girl flew—just flew, we would have been down in the Twists before Bob got to us, and the 257 just coming into them from the east."

"Well, the results were good, anyway," persisted the old man. "Maybe the ready-made kind are best. You know that cottage up beyond the courthouse? Well, Bob and Ava will be keeping house there in a couple of weeks."

* * *

STYLE!

The first stormy, blustery evening of the season had found the Everyman home short on current periodicals.

Mr. Everyman, in desperation, turned [illegible] the fashion page, his eye lingering [illegible] a sketch of a creation which the [illegible] informed him was the "Undine gown, having a waist of Nile green chiffon, embroidered in silver, with a skirt, which does not conceal the chiffon bloomers, made of brocaded crepe." There was something more about a "tunic of white net embroidered in silver and wired at its lower edge."

"I see that women are as monumental idiots as ever," he said pleasantly to Friend Wife.

"So long as our men folks continue to grow in intelligence so rapidly, what need is there for effort on our part?" murmured Mrs. Everyman sweetly. "What, by the way, is the occasion for your justly severe arraignment of feminine weakness?"

"Look at this thing," commanded the lord of the household.

Mrs. Everyman looked.

"Yes, isn't it dear?" she said.

"Ye gods and little fishes! You women don't really intend to wear this thing, do you?" roared Everyman.

"Many women, no doubt. As for myself, I probably will continue to array myself in queenly calico," the missus answered meaningly.

"Your levity is unseemly, Maria. It is high time something was done. You women have blindly followed Fashion's dictates until you'll be appearing in fig-leaves some of these days. The administration should spend less time worrying about the enslaved Mexican peon, and do some emancipating for the women of this country. When I think of the simple, but charming, gowns of my mother's day I blush with shame for you."

"It is lamentable," said the missus, "particularly in view of the enlightened example set us by our men folks. Up to 1912, I believe, you considered the left side of your hat the proper position for the bow. One evening last year you sneaked home with a little green hat with the bow firmly anchored to the stern, and yesterday I gave that hat, still in excellent condition, to the milkman, because you appeared recently with a new velvet hat having the bow three points to the larboard. It pleases me to see in my husband this masculine defiance of a silly fad."

"It's the darned hatters," explained the head of the household. "No other kind of lids to be had. Anyway, you haven't seen any men cavorting around with splits in their trouser legs any longer than it took them to get to a tailor shop."

"Quite so," said the missus. "I noticed in the paper this evening that a man was seen in New York yesterday wearing a plush sack coat, striped trousers, a black-and-white checked vest, a soft blue hat with the bow askew and yellow gloves. He carried a woman's [illegible] bag. It is refreshing to think that Kansas City does not harbor such creatures. Of course, I realize that it was positively necessary that you give your opera hat to your cousin in Albuquerque, as they are not worn any more. I am glad, too, that you have added a black silk wes'cut for evening wear. Some husbands embarrass their wives by appearing in conspicuously out-of-date clothing."

"One does not have to be a bore to preserve his self-respect," Mr. Everyman broke in indignantly. "A decent observance of the customs is only right."

"How true," commented the missus. "I was pleased to note this morning that you have added several pretty new velvet scarfs to your tie rack and that you will observe the customs decently in the future by wearing a business suit of this season's cut. I think it is quite as necessary to appear well in one's office as at a social affair, don't you?"

"That reminds me, Maria," said Everyman, unconscious of any irony in his wife's tones, "that my dress suit looked rather tacky at Steerboyce's dinner last week, alongside of his new suit with velvet piping. Quite a nobby idea. Did you notice his soft mull dress shirt? I should think it more comfortable than these stiff bosoms. I guess I'll have to stop in at the haberdasher's tomorrow and have a look."

"By all means," smiled Friend Wife. "You really must take to reading the men's fashion hints. It is so easy to fall behind in the correct thing, these days."

* * *

Uncertainty.

Scene—One of the piers at Southampton. A group of boys playing in dangerous proximity to the edge. Suddenly an old salt, who has been a fidgety onlooker of their gambols, leaves his favorite post and proceeds soundly to cuff one of the lads in question.

Surprised by his action several interrogated the old tar thereon.

"Well, zur," [illegible] "it [illegible] like this. 'Tisn't as I ca[illegible] whether they fall in or whether they don't, but it's the bloomin' uncertainty about it that I can't stand."

* * *

Suburban Life.

Mrs. Suburb—"I have been hardly able to breathe all day. Those people next door have been burning the dead leaves on the lawn, and the wind is in this direction."

Mr. Suburb—"Never mind, my dear. Wait till the wind turns, and then we'll burn ours."

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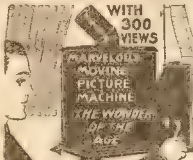
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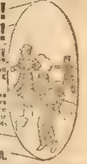

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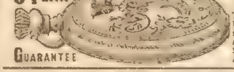

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Might Have Helped.

Speaking in a Washington club the other night of overcoming difficulties, Congressman John M. Nelson of Wisconsin told of the happy thought of little Gladys.

Some time ago, according to the Congressman, little Gladys sat watching her mother ironing some white frocks. The day was very warm and mother was rather weary.

"Mamma," finally asked the youngster, "isn't it awfully hard work to iron?"

"Yes, dear," answered the tired parent, with a gentle sigh, "sometimes it is very hard."

For a moment the little girl was very thoughtful, and then came a ray of sunshine that rippled over her pretty features.

"Oh, mamma," she enthusiastically exclaimed, "wouldn't it have been fine if you had married a Chinese!"

* * *

No Room.

In the Theater Royal, Dublin, when the Italian company came to play "Faust," the actor who took the part of Mephistopheles neglected to try the trapdoor by which he was supposed to descend into the infernal regions. His bulk was too large for the opening and at the supreme moment he discovered that he could not get down above the waist. To heighten the awkwardness of the situation and to relieve the strained feelings of the audience, one of the boys in the gallery, in a rich Irish brogue, exclaimed: "Hurray! the place is full."

* * *

Got the Raise.

A small office boy, who had worked in the same position for two years on a salary of three dollars a week, finally plucked up courage enough to ask for an increase in wages.

"How much more would you like to have?" inquired the amused employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I think two dollars a week more would not be too much."

"Well, you seem to me a rather small boy to be earning five dollars a week," remarked his employer.

"I suppose I do. I know I'm small for my age," the boy explained, "but, to tell you the truth, since I've been here I haven't had time to grow."

He received the raise.

* * *

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A DISPOSITION.

There was a boy—a naughty boy. He was so naughty that it was positively a pleasure to watch him. Think of all the naughty things you've ever done in all your life and all the naughty things you've wanted to do and didn't and all the naughty things you might have done if you'd thought of them; then you'll have some idea of how naughty that boy was, because he did them all—every single one of them.

His mother and his seven aunts used to remonstrate with him with tears in their eyes, and his father used to remonstrate with a strap, but it didn't do any good at all. You might just as well try to teach the wind the multiplication tables.

The strange thing was that he had not always been naughty. At one time he had been a well-behaved boy, and he changed all at once into a naughty boy. His mother, Mrs. Gray, remembered perfectly well that it happened on the day he went to David Sparks' birthday party next door. When he went to the party he was a nice, good, mild boy, in a velvet suit and shiny pumps, and when he came home he was a naughty, cross, mischievous boy, with two pieces of sticky candy in his pocket. Mrs. Sparks said afterward he began to behave badly in the middle of the party and quite shocked David's twelve fairy godmothers, who had come to help celebrate

When Tommy's mother (this boy's name was Tommy) found out that he didn't get any better as time went on she made up her mind to take him to Dr. Quinby, who was both wise and famous. Dr. Quinby looked at Tommy over his spectacles and said: "How is his appetite, and how is his temperature?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Gray, "his appetite is large, especially for sweet things, and his temperature is perfectly all right."

"Then," said the great wise doctor, shutting his book with a bang, "he's probably got a kink in his disposition."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Gray. "How did he ever get that?"

"Probably through carelessness," announced the doctor severely. "When did you dislocate your disposition, Tommy?"

"I don't know," replied Tommy, mournfully

"Probably," said the doctor, "you yelled and kicked and screamed for something once. That's what children do so often. They make a dreadful fuss about something some day or other, and the first thing they know they've dislocated their disposition, and there's a nice situation! Now, madam," he continued, "I will examine the dislocation and find what can be done to help your son."

So he got out a magnifying glass as big as a cart wheel and some X-ray machines and looked at Tommy severely. Suddenly he started

"Madam!" he said to Mrs. Gray "It's much worse than a dislocated disposition He hasn't any disposition at all"

"Oh, Tommy! Tommy!" cried Mrs. Gray. "You've gone and lost your disposition! How careless!"

"Somebody's taken it," declared Tommy; "I didn't lose it.

Dr. Quinby looked thoughtful. "I think you're right," he said. "Somebody else must have your disposition. Do you happen to know any child who is very extra unusually good?"

"Why, yes," said Tommy; "there's David Sparks. He used never to be so extra good, but he's most awfully good now. He's so good he won't play anything but jackstraws."

"Hmm," said Dr Quinby, "that's interesting."

"Oh, I know all about David Sparks," said Tommy's mother. "Mrs. Sparks told me. David has twelve fairy godmothers, and eight of them promised him a good disposition. You know it's distressing when you get duplicate fairy godmother presents, but sometimes you can't help it, and, of course, you can't exchange them. Well, you see, when Mrs. Sparks heard her baby was to have eight good dispositions, she was worried, because she thought so many at once might not agree with a young child. So she asked the fairy godmothers to give him dispositions separately, one every birthday. And the last was given him two months ago on his eighth birthday, and Mrs Sparks is glad indeed he won't get any more"

"Madam," said the great wise doctor impressively, "you say Tommy's disposition left him suddenly on David Sparks' last birthday. I shouldn't be surprised if the eighth fairy godmother took away Tommy's one disposition and gave it to David, who had seven already. Do you happen to know the name of the eighth fairy godmother?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gray; "her name's Griselda, and she lives at the top of the blue hill. I suppose we'd better go back to her and see if she won't give us back Tommy's disposition."

"By all means," said Dr. Quinby

So Tommy and his mother set off for the blue hill, and all the way along Tommy was just as naughty as he could be. He ate more blackberries than he was ever allowed to and tore his suit on the vines, and—but you mustn't be told all the naughty things he did or you'll go and do them, too.

However, at last they got to the blue hill, and climbed up to the little house on the top where Godmother Griselda lived. They knocked, and pretty soon a little old woman let them in and told them to sit down on her long wooden bench. She was indignant when she looked at Tommy, and said·

"Who is this ragged little boy who has been eating blackberries?"

Tommy was surprised that she knew about the blackberries and thought it must be because she was a fairy, but if he could have seen his face he would have understood how she guessed

But Mrs. Gray answered: "I'm sorry he looks so disgraceful, madam, but I'm afraid it is partly your fault."

"My fault!" cried Godmother Griselda in surprise

"He' Tommy Gray," Mrs Gray explained, "and I'm afraid you took away his disposition and gave it to David Sparks."

Then the fairy godmother looked troubled and said: 'I hope you haven't mentioned it to Mrs Sparks, have you'"

"No," replied Mrs Gray, "but I wish you'd please give Tommy his disposition back again."

Why, I couldn't possibly do that" declared the fairy godmother "What would Mrs Sparks think of me? You see I promised David a nice disposition on his eighth birthday, and then I found I hadn't a single nice one left in stock, and so I had to take Tommy's."

Just at that moment came a knock at the door and in walked Mrs. Sparks. She was rather suprised to see Mrs Gray and Tommy, but she seemed to have something on her mind that worried her

"Dear Godmother Griselda," she said, sitting down with a sigh, "I hope you won't be angry and think me ungrateful if I ask you to take away David's last disposition. The child has grown so dreadfully good that he's getting just like the wax children in the shop windows, who wear beautiful new dresses and smile all day long. I do hope you're not offended"

Godmother Griselda was really perfectly delighted at this way out of her difficulty, but she pretended to be indifferent

"Oh, if you like," she said, "I'll take it away from him, though I'm sure it was a nice disposition."

"Yes," began Tommy, "it was a nice disposition——" but Godmother Griselda went on hurriedly, "so good day, ladies, and I think you'll both find your troubles are over by the time you reach home"

So Mrs. Sparks and Mrs. Gray and Tommy walked home together, and on the way Tommy was so pleasant that Mrs. Sparks quite marveled, and when she reached home she was rejoiced to find David playing Indian in the front yard.

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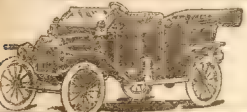

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Wichita, Kan.—One of the most peculiar remedies ever put upon the market, and one that is administered in a strange way, is being manufactured by a company of which Prof. H. Samuels of this city is president.

Prof. Samuels came into note several years ago through his wonderful success in the case of "Blind Joe" of Topeka, Kansas, who was well known in that city, having sold peanuts and popcorn on the street for years. He had been blind for several years, and had exhausted all of the means in his power to be cured but had given up in despair when he fell into the hands of Prof. Samuels. In a short time he was able to see about as well as he ever had in his life.

The almost miraculous recovery of hopeless invalids, who, according to their own statements, took nothing but the strange remedy manufactured by Prof. Samuels have been of such a surprising character that they have aroused wide spread wonder, admiration and curiosity.

Prof. Samuels has been arrested six times and acquitted for practicing without a diploma. Upon being interviewed relative to his many arrests, Prof. Samuels said:

"Yes, I was arrested many times for practicing without a license, but in no case was I convicted. Naturally the medical profession were jealous of my success and were fighting me most of the time. But how were they going to convict me? Do you suppose any jury, when people who had taken my remedy came into court and told how they had been cured of all manner of troubles, do you suppose for a minute that any jury hearing these people and seeing with their own eyes what had been accomplished was going to convict me?"

The professor here showed a reprint of the court records showing the proof of [illegible] rtion that the court had not [illegible] him

'What is the nature of your remedy?' was the next question asked. "This is a secret that has taken many years of my life to accomplish I can only say that my remedy is a colorless liquid which is dropped into the eyes. Strange as it may seem, complicated diseases and many other ills are banished in this apparently miraculous way. My remedy is based on what I believe to be scientific principles The eye is the window of the soul.

"I believe all of the vital organs of the body are controlled by one or more sets of nerves, and suppose the nerve controlling the stomach becomes weakened or inactive, the stomach itself becomes weakened and diseased, and what is known as stomach trouble results. By administering this remedy through the eyes I believe that it stimulate [illegible] centers, thus making each set of nerves perform its proper duty, hence, the wonderful recoveries reported by hundreds of people who have used it. This may seem [illegible], but here are the proofs."

Thereupon, the Professor put before the interviewer his "Message of Facts," affidavits and statements, many of them from well known people, all bearing out his statements. Quotations from a few of them are as follows

Mrs. F. M. Smith, 710 N. Cherry st., San Antonio, Tex., wrote as follows: "The bottle [illegible] in my hip [illegible] youth, and the bottle [illegible] finished has pulled [illegible] from which I was falling all over myself for months, and my limbs ached and become so useless that I feared paralysis. I am daily praising the merits of your medicine, and would be willing to traverse the wide world over if I could convince the myriads of poor pill and drug victims of the folly of swallowing poisonous drugs"

N. E Barker, living at Brook, Ind wrote as follows: "I was going down hill towards the grave when I commenced using your remedy. I was given up by four of the best physicians I could find, and they stated my disease as chronic and could not be cured, but since I have used two bottles of your remedy the physicians say they believe me cured I weighed 132½ pounds when I commenced using your remedy in June; now I weigh 1[illegible]

J. W. Browning, Kiona, Wash., wrote, "The two months' remedy that I got from you for the Rheumatism in my neck and shoulder has cured me. It has been one year since I took your remedy, and it has done a grand thing for me, as I had suffered with a pain in my neck and shoulder for the last twelve years

Mrs. Etta Potter, Fountain, Colo., wrote "Two years ago I had throat and bronchial trouble so bad I lost control of my voice, could not speak above a whisper, could not sleep without being propped up in bed, and I thought my time on earth was limited. My husband sent for your remedy. After I had used it little over a week I could lie down and sleep Thanks to you and your remedy my throat has not bothered me any more"

Mrs. J. M. Morrison, Route 3, Box 1[illegible], Kenton, Ohio, write: "About eight years ago I had nervous prostration and could not be [illegible] whenever I [illegible] and [illegible] not seem to get much benefit until I tried your medicine. Now I am better than I have been for a long time I was troubled with weak eyes for 15 years, the doctors said I had astigmatism, and before I had used the first bottle of your medicine I noticed a great improvement in my eyes, and now they are giving me no bother at all. It also helped my lungs, and I had a little catarrh of the head, and it helped that also. I cannot say enough for your remedy"

J. M. Hoisington, Ames, Okla., whose wife suffered with female trouble, wrote: "Over two years suffering with female trouble and doctoring without any results, our doctor said he had done all he could do and an operation was [illegible] would do any good Then I decided to try Prof. Samuels Remedy and sent [illegible] months treatment and saw a big change the first month. Used three months and cured her, and I will gladly recommend your remedy to any sufferer. I think it is something wonderful."

Mrs. J. T. Williams, 1821 Corning ave., Parsons Kan., had what the doctors said was consumption. In a recent letter she wrote as follows: "I am sending you the picture of one whom, according to doctors' statements should have been dead and buried some few years ago, but the Prof Samuels Remedy surely did fool the undertaker. Don't you think I am a lively corpse? I stay that way by always having some of the treatment on hand and using it a few days if I get run down in body Use this picture in any way that might do good, as I feel I owe my health to you and your remedy

[illegible] J. F. Moore, living at Jack[illegible] "I still have a good deal [illegible] medicine left, and must say that since I [illegible] treatment I have not had an [illegible] and I have been greatly strengthened in other ways. I stay at my housework constantly and [illegible] give out as I did before taking your [illegible]

Mr. H. C Hucherson, Paducah, Tex., wrote "I want to say your remedy has entirely cured [illegible] been fourteen months since I quit [illegible] I am sound and well I [illegible] strong enough for [illegible] wonderful remedy"

Mrs. [illegible] Scheland, 1017 N Wells st., Cincinnati Ohio, wrote: "I write to thank you very much for what your remedy has done for me. I owe my life to you and God. I gained in weight from 115 to 160 pounds since I started to doctor with you. I am now able to do most of my housework which I have not done for over two years"

Thos. Waller, R. F. D No. 2, Box No. 67 Ninety-Six, S C., wrote: "I received your 30 days' treatment Before using it I had been blind for three months. Now I can see as well as I ever saw in my life May God ever help you in the good work you are doing for suffering humanity."

Mrs. James C Hood, Box 76, Kenyon, R I wrote: "I began using the remedy three years ago and at that time the doctors told my children I could not live through the winter It took two to help me out of my chair, and the only relief the doctors could give me was morphine and they said I would have to use morphine all of my life. The doctors also said my bowels were paralyzed and I would always have to take physic three times a day. Now I have been without the medicine for over a year and a half. I will say with all of my heart that it is wonderful I am able to do my cooking and a good deal of the other work for a family of five, two of which are small children.'

Selma Everett, R F D No. 2, Winslow Ill wrote: "Will write you a line to let you know my rheumatism is all gone. My catarrh of the stomach is gone, bronchitis is also better My kidneys are better than they have been for many years. My asthma is gone and my [illegible] is also gone. My heart trouble is [illegible] the best of all my constipation the king of all diseases is gone I shall ever praise and recommend your remedy.'

Mr. Frank Hoff, in the plumbing business at 19 N. Main st., Wichita, Kan., who is said to have had consumption, wrote: "When I came here nine years ago I was dying with consumption. I could not walk two blocks at a [illegible] Doctors in New York, Brooklyn and Colorado Springs had given me up and I was on my way back home to die when I stopped off at Wichita." Mr. Hoff began taking Prof Samuel's Systematic Remedy and at the end of [illegible] months he was able to throw away his cane and says: "Since that time I have been in perfect health and I know I have been completely cured."

Everyone who is sick, no matter what their trouble may be, should write the Prof. H. Samuels' Remedy Co., room 113 Samuels Bldg, Wichita, Kansas, for their "Message of Facts," which will be sent free together with information regarding this remarkable remedy.

Chicago Ledger

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COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

The egotist thinks he has a good "I."

Most men who talk well talk too much

Some self-made men evidently did the job in the dark.

The "big stick" the average man fears is his wife.

Just because a man doesn't drink is no sign he isn't thirsty.

A soft answer doesn't turn away the young man who is in love.

When trouble goes to sleep, toss the alarm clock into the [illegible]

Tomorrow is the lazy man's curse and the wise man's opportunity.

It pays to be honest, but too often the pay goes to the other fellow.

One of the first things a young man should learn is to take a hint.

To make good resolutions is all right, but it is better to make good

One must be a born leader or driver in order to have things come his way

Keep on asking a woman to marry you, and your bluff will be called some time.

Even with abundance of free raw material some men are unable to make good.

Some people never get ahead because they are afraid they will earn more than they get.

After reaching the pinnacle of fame, many a climber has found it an uncomfortable roost.

But when a man's auto acts up it may worry him more than when his wife does likewise.

Even a mind reader couldn't hold his head to suit the barber when he is getting his hair cut.

A man may never discover how ignorant he is if he doesn't try to tell his wife how to run the house.

A bachelor who is looking for variety can find it by exchanging a little of his coin for a marriage license.

When we consider the amount of rag chewing that we do, it's wonderful [illegible] we don't.

It is better to be missed after you are dead than to have your wife throw things at you while you are alive.

The man who can pass a dog fight on the street without stopping to rubber possesses a brand of dignity that is seldom seen outside a lunatic asylum.

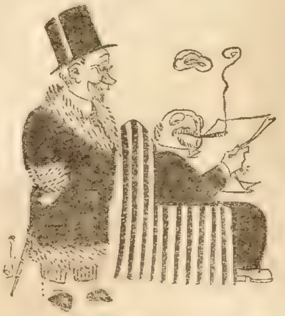
Human hair is said to be worth about $50 a pound. But we imagine it is worth many times that price to the man who is trying to keep what little he has.

PEPPERS

Showing Them How.

During the Civil War, at a camp in Ohio a captain fresh from civil life and grand in a brand new uniform, happened to observe two men shooting at a target.

"Here, boys," said he, "let me show you how to shoot." Taking a gun in hand, he fired and missed. "That," said he to one of the soldiers, "is the way you shoot." He fired again, and missed again. "And that," said he, turning to the other soldier, "is the way you shoot." He fired a third shot, and hit the bull's-eye. "And that," said he, "is the way I shoot."



[illegible] see that a university [illegible] is authority for the statement that in war it costs $17,000 to kill a man.

Dr. Kidslayer—"And yet some say we doctors [illegible]"

No Dry Bread From Her.

Ralph Perkins, an artist making a sketching tour through Rhode Island, chanced one day upon a picturesque old barn, so alluring to his eye that he sat down on a stone wall and immediately set to work

He soon became aware that he had two spectators in the persons of the farmer and his wife who had come out to watch him.

Presently the artist discovered that he had lost his rubber eraser, and, wishing to correct an error in the sketch, he went up to the farmer's wife and asked her if he might have a piece of dry bread. This, as is universally known, makes a good eraser.

The farmer's wife looked at him with an expression of pity not unmixed with surprise

"Dry bread!" she repeated. "Well, I guess you won't have to put up with dry bread from me, young man. I've got sons of my own out in the world. You come right into the kitchen with me, and I'll give you a nice slice of fresh bread with butter on it. No, not a word," she continued, raising her hand to ward off his expostulations. "I don't care how you came to this state, nor anything about it; all I know is you're hungry, and I've never yet allowed anybody to leave my house craving food."

They Were Fresh.

There was no doubt about it—he was very angry when he entered the village grocery store and demanded to see the proprietor

"You sold my wife some eggs yesterday, Mr. Peavey," he said, when the grocer appeared.

"Wa-al, yes," said Mr. Peavey, genially. "Believe I did."

"And you told her that they were fresh eggs," continued the visitor.

"Wa-al, yes; it seems to me I did," said Mr. Peavey

"But see here, Peavey, you had no business to say they were fresh eggs."

"Why not? I bought 'em for fresh—from Si Wiley, too"

"I don't believe it. Si Wiley's an honest man"

"Wa-al Si said it, all right. He come in here with his basket full of 'em and put 'em down on the counter an' traded 'em off for a box of sody biscuits."

"When was this?"

"Oh, I dunno. 'Bout six weeks ago, I guess."

The Resolutions Passed.

At a certain meeting in an out of the way town the only attendants were one little chairman and a citizen of large stature. The chairman had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters.

"Hold on," cried the other man, "we can't pass that, for it ain't true. It ain't a large and respectable meeting. There's only two of us"

"You keep still," commanded the wily chairman; "it's all right, for you are large and I am respectable. You just keep still."

So the resolutions were passed without further demur

Wished to Give Up Something.

He was a good little boy and very thoughtful. He had heard about the great scarcity of water throughout the country. He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers.

"Mamma," he said "is it true that in some places the little girls and boys have scarcely enough water to drink?"

"That is what the papers say, my dear."

"Mamma," he presently said, "I'd like to give up somethin' for those poor little boys and girls."

His mother gave him a fond look "Yes, dear. And what would you like to give up?"

"Mamma," he said in his earnest way, "as long as the water is so very scarce I think I ought to give up bein' washed."

Slow, but Sure Willie.

Lewis Cass Ledyard was talking in New York about a muckraker of a new type.

"I've never heard any good of him," he said. "Even when I've thought I heard a word in his favor it has always proved the opposite when traced to its source.

"It's like the case of the office boy whose master said:

"'Willie is slow and sure.'

"'Slow and sure, eh?'

"'Yes, slow to learn, and sure to forget.'"

Had It All Arranged.

He was idealistic and poetical. She was pretty al- a good matrimonial combination. He came home one evening after a hard day at the office and said:

"Marie, my dear, do you realize that tomorrow will be our wooden wedding? We ought to celebrate the occasion somehow, don't you think?"

And she said: "Hank, my darling, I know it. Been thinking about it all day and have it all arranged. I have ordered a big wagon load of kindling to be delivered tomorrow afternoon, and you will come home early from the office and carry it into the cellar."

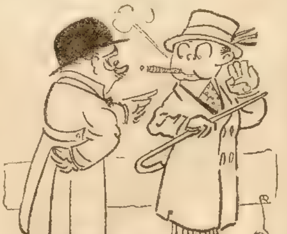
Too Cheap.

A shambling old colored man went down the street leading a big dog, with a "For sale" sign on its collar. A little girl spied the dog and wanted it. She teased so hard that her mother finally asked its price

"Two dollahs," said the negro, an expectant grin dividing his features.

"Two dollars!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, the dog isn't worth that much. I'll give you fifty cents."

The negro drew himself up indignantly. "Lady," he said, "Ah couldn't think of it. Why, de fellow Ah got dis dog from gave me a dollah to get rid of him!"



Askem—"What kind of a chap is Van Snoozem?"

Tellem—"I don't care to say. I'm a friend of his."

Real Hard Luck.

A man once was talking about hard luck, and his friend was listening with a sour expression

"Why, you don't know what hard luck is!" said the friend. "I have always had it. When I was a kid there was such a bunch of kids in the family that there had to be three tables at meal times, and I always got the third one."

"What's hard about that?" snapped the other.

"Why," said his friend, "it was fifteen years before I ever knew a chicken had anything except a neck.

Tells why chicks die

J. C. Reefer, the poultry expert of 1535 Main St., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure It." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 98 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books.

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Bob Bright's Adventures

Or, Hunting the Golden Butterfly

By Weldon J. Cobb

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I

STARTING OUT.

"GOOD-BYE, Robert. Hope you have a pleasant time and get a good education."

"I'll do my best, Aunt Mary."

"I am sure you will, Robert—for the sake of your dear father, and the anxious, lonely ones at home."

"Father? Yes," said Bob Bright, in a subdued tone. "Oh, if he would only return!"

A pained look came into the eyes of the young speaker. Then he chased it away with a hurried smile and waved his hand gayly.

"You're the best aunt ever was!" he cried, "and I'm going to keep up the family record."

"You will, Robert, I am sure you will," his aunt called to him, and she stood on the doorstep looking after her favorite nephew until he had disappeared down the street.

Bob Bright swung along, his satchel in his hand, brisk of step and animated of face. Bob was just approaching the threshold of a new youthful experience. He was off for school. It was the very finest morning in the world. He had a clear record behind him, and a chance to win a better one ahead.

Bob could hear bell and whistle from the Eagle, the old Chicago lake steamer down at the wharf. She was to run up the coast, and land himself and very probably others at Rocky Cove. That was where the famous Lakeside Academy looked down from the cliffs, commanding a fine view of Lake Michigan. Bob glanced at his watch. There was a good half-hour before the scheduled time for leaving arrived. Like all boys, however, Bob was eager and impatient to get amid the bustle and excitement of the steamer deck

Aunt Mary was exactly what Bob had indicated—a relative worth having. She had given him a pleasant home and kind and indulgent treatment. In fact, she had proved a second mother to him [illegible] all that. Bob, boylike, welcomed the change before him. Cliffden was a very dead town. There was never much going on there that would interest a live, up-to-date young fellow like Bob. He [illegible] full of vim and go, and he really wanted a good education.

Aunt Mary's allusion to his father had brought a cloud to Bob's face. He became serious and troubled as the thought came back to him now. Captain Bright was beloved by every resident of Cliffden. He was one of the old line sea captains, and had roughed it on the ocean for nearly half a century. He owned his own ship, the Laughing Lass, which ran out of Marblehead on the Massachusetts Atlantic coast each season.

Now he was missing—had been, and his ship and all on board, for nearly a year. Not a word had been heard from the stanch Laughing Lass since last sighted in a storm off the coast of Labrador.

Old seamen and most of the people of Cliffden had given up the Laughing Lass as lost, months ago. Even Aunt Mary was despondent. Bob, however, was very proud of his father's record and ability. He tried to convince himself that the Laughing Lass was frozen up in some far Northern harbor, making repairs or marooned in the ice fields.

As Bob turned into the broad street facing the wharf, a vivid scene of bustle and commotion roused him up greatly. The touching of the Eagle at Cliffden was quite an event with the inhabitants. Nearly everybody in town was around the stores or docks

Bob made one or two little purchases for his school outfitting at the big general store of the street Then he crossed over to the wharf and was soon aboard the Eagle. He set a stool up against the rail of the boat, facing the shore, and prepared to enjoy the lively scene on the wharf below.

The spectacle was an inspiring one. The stevedores were rolling barrels off the steamer, while others were carrying boxes and crates aboard. Some of the passengers from further down shore were stretching their limbs along the street bordering the wharf

"There's a nice-looking boy," thought Bob, directing his glance to a stranger, who had somehow attracted his attention out of the ordinary.

The youth was about Bob's own age. He was neatly dressed, and his manner was polite and pleasant. Bob noticed that with his quick step and bright eyes he was into everything. He seemed very inquisitive, keeping at the heels of the ship's officers and stevedores, but never in their way, and he seemed to be asking all kinds of questions

"Perhaps he is a Lakeside Academy boy, or a new scholar," reflected Bob. "I hope so, I think I should like that fellow for a chum."

"That you, Bright?" a voice hailed Bob, and he got up from his stool and bowed to the captain of the Eagle, who was an old friend of his father. "Taking a little pleasure trip, eh?"

"No sir, I'm starting for boarding-school."

"That so? No word from Captain Bright yet?"

"Not yet, Captain Mosely," answered Bob, with difficulty keeping back the tears.

"Don't give up the ship, my lad!" said the steamer captain heartily, with an encouraging slap on Bob's shoulder. "Why, afore you were born, your father and me were shipwrecked on a desert island for two years. Give the Cap'n time, lad, and don't mind the growlers. William Bright is too smart a man to lose his ship or himself."

"Thank you, sir," responded Bob. "I have tried to think so, too."

"Keep on thinking it, lad!" cried Captain Mosely. "Your father will turn up soon. Paid your fare yet?"

"No, sir."

"Don't do it th[illegible]. That goes."

"You are very kind," said Bob, accepting a slip of paper on which the Captain had scribbled his own initials, and which Bob knew to be a pass

"You see, you sort of belong to the profession," laughed the Captain cheerily, passing on his way

Bob resumed his watch of the wharf. Suddenly his attention was again focused on the lad to whom he had taken such a liking.

A barefooted, hatless boy about Bob's own age had suddenly shot into view on a breathless run from a side street. He made straight for the steamer, slowing up as he neared it. Bob noticed that he was perspiring and nearly done out, as if he had been speeding for a long distance. The newcomer lo[illegible] and anxiously about the wh[illegible] the steamer. Finally he [illegible] the boy Bob had noticed. The latter had turned around, and was [illegible] inspecting the forlorn [illegible] appeared to be.

The barefooted boy seemed to put [illegible] to the well-dressed lad [illegible] the latter spoke to the freight [illegible] on the wharf, who stood near by, [illegible] to the steamer.

Then the hatless boy started in the [illegible] of the [illegible]. He had just [illegible] upon the gang platform when there was a loud shout behind him, and he [illegible] about in sharp dismay.

A big burly man, quite as excited and [illegible] as the boy had rushed into view. He parted the crowd on the wharf [illegible] his eyes fixed on the lad on the gang plank.

"That's him! I'll get him!" yelled this individual.

Bob awakened into quick interest. He noticed that the barefooted boy turned pale, and then, with a cry of distress and fear, jumped clear of the steamer.

"Stop him! stop him!" shouted the man in evident pursuit.

Nobody tried to halt the now speeding boy It would not have been of much use had they attempted it. With sincere admiration, for Bob loved athletics, he watched the fugitive dart in and out among groups of people and rows of barrels, skimming these latter like a greyhound. He reached the edge of a slip, an opening between wharves which was cut like a canal for about two hundred feet and fully half that width.

The runner started to line the edge of the slip, but saw that his pursuer had cut across and could surely head him off before he could reach the end of the slip, and hide or lose himself in

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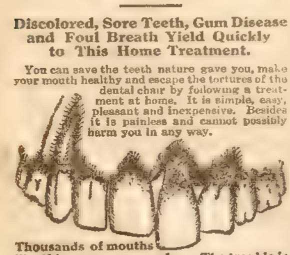

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the labyrinth of houses beyond.

Everybody was now watching the outcome of the race with tense nerves. The boy halted. The man kept on running. Meanwhile he shook his fist after the fugitive, and his evil face glowed with malice and cruelty as he roared out:

"I've got you now! Oh, but I'll make you pay for this!"

His victim, if such he was, balanced in a terrified way on the edge of the slip. He glanced first at his oncoming pursuer, then at the deep water ten feet below. To the sympathetic Bob, he suggested some forlorn water rat hunted to the verge of desperation.

"I hope he gets away. Whatever it is, whoever he is, I hope he escapes that wicked-faced man!" breathed Bob, in his excitement and interest rising to his feet, his glance riveted on the boy.

The fugitive suddenly solved the problem. He put his hands together above his head, made a dive, and disappeared beneath the waters of the slip with a splash.

The breathless throng watched the spot in suspense. A murmur of relief was audible as the lad reappeared on the surface, swimming bravely for the shore.

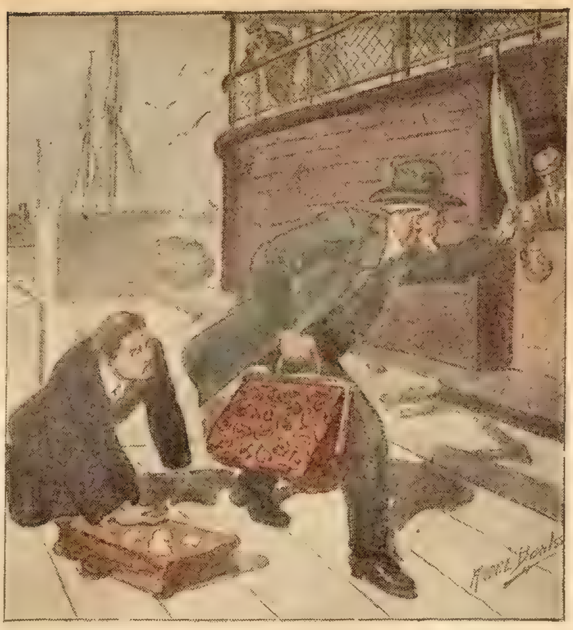
Then a wild cheer of delight rang out. The swimmer reached land and arose dripping, in full view. His pursuer was dancing about, frantic with disappointment and rage.

"Good for the plucky little fellow!" voiced Bob Bright, as the barefooted boy limped past a long warehouse shed and was lost to sight.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW FRIEND.

THE steamer whistle gave a long blare. "All aboard!" rang out the succeeding moment. The gang plank was hauled in, and the Eagle moved seaward. Bob Bright forgot all about the exciting incident of the barefooted boy for the time being.



He happened to land against Whiffles.

The nice-looking boy he had noticed had got mixed up with the general throng, and he lost sight of him. Bob resumed his stool, content to watch the fast-receding shores and enjoy the pleasing motion of the ship, while breathing in the fresh, stimulating air.

"Bet I know who you are," were the words that suddenly roused Bob from a pleasant day dream.

Bob turned, as a hand was placed in a friendly fashion on his shoulder. He recognized the bright-faced young fellow he had noticed on the wharf.

"I'd be mighty glad to know you," declared Bob, heartily.

"That so—then it's mutual, eh?" propounded the other, with a cheery laugh. "You're Bright."

"Yes, that is my name."

"Captain Bright's boy," added the speaker. He said this in a tone as if he were quoting something, and Bob glanced at him rather strangely, and nodded assent in a wondering way.

"I'm Ned Lewis," continued his companion. "Come from Bayview. On my way back to school."

"At Rocky Cove?"

"Sure. That's the one and only for the fellow who wants his study and fun mixed just right."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Bob.

"You'll be gladder when you get into the circle," declared Ned Lewis. "I predict you'll get there good and strong, too, judging from your looks."

"Why, thank you," said Bob. "And now," he added, "how did you come to find me out?"

"That's easy—I inquired of the Captain."

"But how did you know I was aboard in the first place, or anything at all about me?" persisted Bob.

"Easier still. Did you happen to notice the boy who was chased by a man and jumped into the slip?"

"Oh, yes—I guess everybody around here noticed that."

"I never heard your name before that boy ran up to me," continued Ned Lewis. "He was excited and out of breath. He asked for you the first thing."

"What! by name?"

"Yes"

"'Bob Bright'—he knew me?"

"Not exactly that."

"What do you mean, then?"

"He asked for Captain Bright's boy."

"He did!" exclaimed Bob, in a startled and yet thoughtful way.

"Those were the words he used."

"That's singular," said Bob.

"How so?"

"Why, it wouldn't be strange to be spoken of that way by persons living in Cliffden. A stranger, though—who didn't know my father——"

"But he must have known your father—at least something about him."

"That's so," remarked Bob, more thoughtful and puzzled than ever.

"Well," resumed Bob's companion, "I had never heard the name before. I repeated the lad's inquiry to a deck hand, though. He knew you. Said you were aboard the Eagle here."

"And the boy started to find me?"

"It looks that way. You know the rest."

"I declare, it bothers me," said Bob, musingly. "Who could he have been?"

"Sure he's a stranger?"

"Oh, yes, I know every soul in Cliffden like a book, and I never saw the boy before."

"It's a funny thing," admitted Ned Lewis. "The funniest part of it, too, was the man following him. Ugh! but he was an ugly-looking individual. He's a stranger to you, too?"

"Yes."

The circumstance bothered Bob more than that it worried him. His mind was constantly full of his missing father, and all kinds of strange misgivings, surmises, and suspicions now flashed into his thoughts.

If the Eagle had not left land, Bob could not have rested until he had found out something tangible of what he believed to be a real mystery.

"I will write home the minute I get to Lakeside Academy," he determined. "Of course, if the boy had any message for me, he will go to the house and see Aunt Mary about it."

"Come along," at this juncture Ned Lewis broke in, seizing Bob's arm in a way that seemed to be a part of his brisk, forceful nature. "I'll introduce you to some of the boys."

"Students at Lakeside Academy, you mean?" asked Bob.

"Yes, we've been picking them up all down the route. There's one of them now."

The speaker started abruptly from Bob's side to run up to a pile of folded-up camp chairs. On top of these, his back turned to them, was a stubby, broad-shouldered boy.

He was engrossed in some occupation which puzzled Bob at first. Then Bob saw that the youth had a large magnifying glass in his hand. This he had focused on a big sand fly, which fluttered on the side of the cabin window.

"Hi, there, Achilles!" hailed young Lewis, giving the lad a sounding thwack on the shoulder.

The boy was so immersed in his scientific observation of the insect, that he apparently did not hear Ned's challenge. He reached his free hand to his shoulder in a mechanical way, and rubbed it where the smack had landed.

The motion unsettled the sand fly, which flew to the top of the cabin window. Evidently it had been disturbed at a moment when the boy was making some interesting observations. Achilles, as Ned Lewis had called him, arose on tiptoe to focus the magnifying glass anew upon the subject of his investigations.

"Look out!" Bob could not help shouting.

"Whoa, there!" echoed Ned Lewis.

Achilles had tilted over too far on the frail platform of camp stools. There was a fearful racket, and he came sprawling to the deck. Ned Lewis ran to his rescue, while Bob picked up the magnifying glass, which had gone sliding across the deck.

"Too bad—sand fly. Fine specimen. Gone now!" panted the young scientist, his owl-like face looking solemn and disgusted.

Ned Lewis had managed to pull him halfway to his feet, when he uttered a great yell.

"Whirling whangdoodles!" he shrieked, "what's this?"

"Fire!" shouted one of two boys, rushing to the scene.

"Fire!" echoed his companion.

"Hi, stand still! Blithering blazes! Off with it. What you carrying around with you this time—dynamite?"

While he talked, Ned was going through some vigorous activity, in which the astounded Achilles shared. Ned hustled the object of his attention about as if he was a pillow or grab bag. Smoke was rising from a side pocket of the coat which Ned was trying to pull off from Achilles.

Bob figured it out, judging from this and the jangle of broken glass, that the young scientist in his tumble from the camp stools had smashed a bottle of some inflammable substance in his pocket.

"Shoo! Get out! Keep this up, and some day you'll blow up!" cried Ned, giving Achilles a shove to a bench, and throwing the smoking coat to the deck, and stamping on it to beat out the fire.

"Don't do that!" remonstrated Achilles. "My papers!"

A great lot of all kinds of documents had fallen out of a pocket in the coat. The stiff breeze gave them a lurch, and they spread out. Bob made a jump for the lot. He managed to gather up all of them except one thin blue sheet. This, lighter than the others and separated from them, sailed across in the air like a paper balloon.

"That one! that one!" yelled Achilles, jumping up and waving his arms in the greatest excitement.

Bob saw that the boy was wildly anxious concerning the bit of paper. He cast the heavier documents he held at the feet of Achilles, and made a spring.

The blue paper took a whirl and fell to the cabin roof. Bob was after it in a jiffy. It skidded sideways in a capricious current of the breeze just as Bob was about to pounce upon it.

By this time many passengers on board the steamer were aware of what

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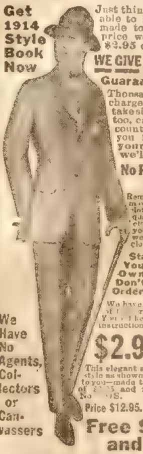

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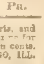

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was going on. Many eyes followed Bob as he chased the elusive sheet of paper across the cabin roof.

"Get it!"

"No, he hasn't."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Bob, as he went flat, his foot catching on a pulley, his outstretched hand just skimming the fluttering bit of paper.

"There she goes!"

"And there he goes, too!"

The paper had again lifted. This time it seemed gone for good, and the boy Achilles uttered a dismal groan. The breeze was blowing it seaward. About to sail out into space, however, the sheet met an obstruction. This was a rope ladder running up to the center flagpole of the steamer. There it whizzed and whipped about, held by the wind, but ready at the first variation in the breeze to sail aloft or into the water below on a new tack.

Bob eyed it, advancing on a run. Reaching the edge of the cabin roof, he made a sudden leap. It was a six-foot spring, but Bob landed against the rope ladder on a swift, true poise. His hand closed over the fluttering blue sheet of paper.

CHAPTER III.

MART WHIFFLES

"GOOD for you!" cried Achilles.

"Fine work!" [illegible] of the two boys Bob had noticed before.

"Admirable!" nodded his companion and echo.

Bob had leaped lightly to the deck. As he presented the sheet of paper to its owner, the latter seized it eagerly.

"Say," he observed, "you've done me a great favor, and I'll never forget it."

"Here you [illegible] down to the cabin and get yourself in decent trim," ordered Ned Lewis.

He seized Achilles by the arm, and, damaged coat, papers and all, bundled him away from him.

"Hi, Sleezer, this is Bob Bright," said Ned [illegible], introducing one of the lads to Bob. "And this is Sleezer's cousin, Matz."

"Glad to know you," nodded Sleezer.

"Delighted," bobbed Matz.

"Come on," continued Ned, informally, catching Bob's [illegible] him over to a [illegible] dismissing the [illegible] he had just introduced with a careless wave of the hand.

"Do they talk and act that way all the time?" inquired Bob, with a smile.

"That's their regular stunt, yes," answered Ned. "We call them 'the Siamese twins.' Also 'the Echoes.' You won't run up against them much. Just harmless fellows, moving around together most of the time."

"And the other boy you called Achilles?"

"Yes, Achilles Phinizy."

"Is that his name?"

"Sure enough."

"Who is he?"

"Just what he shows—an eccentric."

"He looks smart."

"He is smart," acknowledged Ned, "on one [illegible], though. Big mistake, his folks sending him to Lakeside Academy."

"Why so?" asked Bob.

"Just a waste of time. He's just daffy on chemistry, and all that. His first composition on Mark Antony was devoted to an analysis of the asp's poison that killed Cleopatra."

"Well?"

"We tried to put him [illegible] short stop in the ball field. Achilles got the ball at the most critical point of the game. Every one was yelling for him to get it to first base. There he [illegible] inspecting a bug that had just lighted on the ball. They nearly mobbed him."

Bob laughed merrily. "He looks like a genius," he observed, "and he must amount to something."

"How is that?"

"I noticed the headings of some of those scattered papers. Th[illegible] societies [illegible] —I don't want any of [illegible] of paper especially [illegible] big Smithsonian Insti[illegible] [illegible] have a collection of old fossils or a lot of odd bugs and poisons. That busted bottle! He's nearly burned down the academy twice, experimenting with explosives. He's a rare bird."

[illegible]

"So do I," retorted Ned. "Mine is fun. [illegible] arrival."

[illegible] talking, the Eagle had pulled alongside the pier at a jutting-out point of land near a town called Glenview. Several passengers were waiting for the steamer. Among them was a young fellow about Ned's age. He was dressed loud, wore his cap on a rowdy tilt, and was posed with his foot on a satchel crisscrossed with many labels.

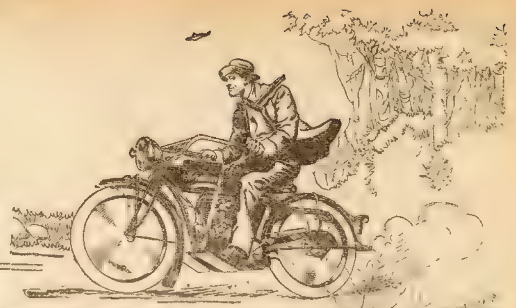
"Did you mean that fellow?" inquired Bob.

"That's him—yes, that's 'the Terrible,'" assented Ned, with a grimace.

"Terrible what?"

"Terrible Mart Whiffles."

"Who is [illegible]



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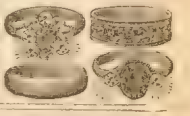

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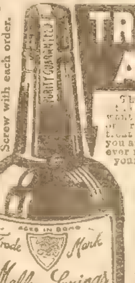

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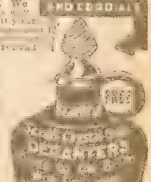

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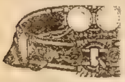
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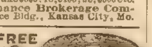

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"The bully of the school."

"Oh!"

Bob studied the lad indicated. His appearance was not prepossessing. Bob had run across many prototypes of his class in the past. They were generally all brag and bluster, and he determined to see nothing terrible in the big boy waiting to board the steamer.

Mart Whiffles took out a cigarette as the boat began to maneuver shoreward. He acted as though he had saved it for this occasion especially. He lit a match and shielded it in his hands away from the breeze.

Just at that moment an uneasy old gentleman waiting for the steamer jostled past Whiffles, with a big umbrella in one hand and an immense old flaring carpetbag in the other. He happened to land against Whiffles just right to tip him off his balance. The latter gave a lurch, tumbled to his knees over the satchel, and match and cigarette went spinning into the water.

Ned Lewis gave a roar. "That was funny!" he guffawed.

Bob had to laugh. As the discomfited Whiffles came to his feet, he darted a chagrined look at those on the steamer deck. His eyes gave out a rageful glare as he caught Bob laughing at him. That look satisfied Bob that he had unwittingly made an enemy, and that he had better look out for him.

The incident passed from further notice in the bustle of coming and departing passengers. A few minutes later, however, Bob's attention was again called to the youth his new friend Ned had designated as the bully of the school.

Mart Whiffles sailed into view in a jaunty, braggart sort of way. He made some sneering, ill-natured remark to "the Echoes," Bob judged, for he fancied he heard one of them say "Viper!" and the other "Cad!" Whiffles sailed along heedlessly, crowding rudely past promenaders and landing his satchel on a conspicuous bench

"That you, Lewis?" he drawled, lounging up to Bob's companion

"How did you guess—with those clothes on?" responded Ned, with a light chuckle. "Here, want to introduce you to Bob Bright.

"How do, Wright," nodded the bully, ungraciously

"Glad to meet you Waffles," answered Bob, pleasantly

"That isn't my name"

"Neither is Wright mine

You haven't had vacation enough, Whiffles," declared Ned, in his odd meaning way.

"Bah!"

The speaker scowled at both and sauntered away.

"I don't like him," said Bob, frankly.

"You aren't lonesome in that opinion," observed Ned. "I fancy Whiffles has come back with his usual grouch on him. I get the bulge on him, though."

"How?" inquired Bob.

"In the first place, I am bigger than he is, and he realizes it from experience. Next, whenever he tries any tricks on me, I mark him up for a good guy for a practical joke later on"

"Oh, I was looking for you," broke in a new voice, and Achilles Phinizy came into view, with his big eyeglasses and broad, well-meaning face

The speaker shook hands with Bob, and then sat down on the bench beside him

"I'll give you five minutes to bore Bright with what you know about hookworms, Achilles," said Ned, as he left

I don't want to talk about worms," replied the boy, with perfect gravity. "Say, I want to thank you," continued Achilles, again shaking Bob's hand.

"What for?" asked Bob.

Saving that letter."

"Oh, that was nothing."

"It was to me, and I want to acknowledge it. I wouldn't have lost it for a lot," and Achilles anxiously felt in a coat pocket to assure himself that the precious sheet of paper was in a place of safety. "I'd like to interest you in entomology. That's the science of insects, you know"

"I'd like to be interested," declared Bob

"You would!" exclaimed Achilles, with a show of genuine pleasure

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, you come and see me often, and I'll tell you about some queer discoveries. More than that," added Achilles, dropping his voice mysteriously and glancing with caution all around them, as if fearful of being overheard, "I'll let you in on an important secret."

"Is that so?" smiled Bob.

"Wait and see."

"What about?"

"That blue sheet of paper. It's—fame!"

"Is it, now?"

"And a heap of money."

"You make me curious," said Bob

Ned Lewis returned just then, and this interrupted the conversation. He sat down beside them, and for over an hour chatted on about the school and the students

By the time he had concluded, they were in sight of Rocky Cove. Bob had gained quite an idea of the various characters in the school from his new friend's talk. Mart Whiffles came along and sauntered by. Ned never missed a chance to guy him, it seemed.

"Hi!" he hailed, "join in here and tell us who's dropping out this term, Whiffles."

"Busy," retorted Mart.

"Oh, then you can stop and tell us about your honesty—that won't take long."

Whiffles went on his way. They noticed him after a spell talking with the man at the wheel. Then they saw him ordered about his business by the captain of the boat. Finally, as the three boys strolled to the other side of the steamer, they came upon Whiffles staring down a dark stairway.

"Hi!" hailed a deck hand near by, "don't go down there"

"Guess I will if I want to!" retorted Mart. "My father happens to be one of the directors of this steamboat line."

"That isn't a director's room down there," observed the deck hand, with a dry chuckle that might have warned a less self-centered fellow than Mart.

The latter started down the dark stairway. As he disappeared there was a crash and a frightful yell

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this

* * *

Their Worry.

"What is the matter with your hair?" whispered Osher to his wife.

"I don't know, and I don't care," whispered Mrs. Osher defiantly. "Before we left home I asked you if my hair looked all right, and you assured me it was lovely. Now that we are seated in the front pew in church you ask what is the matter with my hair

"Why were you not critical at home before we started? We had plently of time, and that was your opportunity. But you said nothing until now. I can't take down my hair and fix it now, can I, right here in church?

"No, of course not."

"Then why mention it? Do you do it in order to be disagreeable and to make me feel uncomfortable? If that is your idea it is a good one. But I don't care whether my hair has anything the matter with it or not, so there!"

"Well then, kindly move," whispered Osher. "I don't care to sit near you with your hair looking like that."

"I will not move. I will try to look as if you fixed it for me, and people behind us will think you showed good taste. By the way, what's the matter with your collar?"

"Is there anything wrong with my collar?" whispered Osher, in a sudden state of perturbation.

"It looks kind of funny What have you been doing to it?"

"Nothing. What's wrong with it?"

"It looks so queer. Don't try to fix it now, for goodness' sake! You should have dressed yourself before you left home."

"Why didn't you say something about it before we left home?"

"Why didn't you say something about my hair?"

"Your hair is all right. It looks very nice."

"Well, your collar is all right, except that it is soiled."

Soiled!"

"Yes, you got out a clean one and laid it beside your soiled one, and then threw the clean one into the laundry bag and put on the soiled one. It is no use sitting like that to hide your collar. It shows just the same."

"Why didn't you see my soiled collar at home?"

"Why didn't you see my hair looking so funny?"

"Really, your hair looks beautiful. Honestly, it does."

Well, then, your collar is clean, so don't worry about it."

* * *

What He Did.

The other day a man with a ruby nose was brought before a magistrate, charged with impersonating a police officer.

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate.

"I am innocent," replied the man

"What did he do?" asked the magistrate.

"What did he do?" exclaimed the policeman, haughtily, who had hoped that such a question would not be put. "Why, he tapped three times at the door of a saloon on my beat, and when the landlord shoved the beer out through the half-closed door he took it and drank it That's what he did!"

Amid roars of laughter the case was dismissed.

* * *

Did He Mean It?

"You eat very little, Mr. Smith," said the maid coyly to the bashful lover who had been invited to share the family holiday dinner.

"Yes," replied he, and for once he saw a chance and, grasping his courage, he said: "To sit next to you, Miss Grace, is to lose one's appetite."

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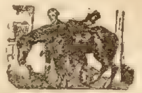
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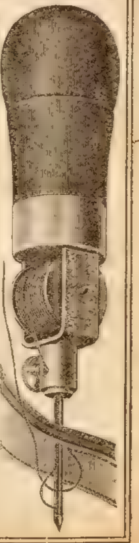
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Dick o' the Dark

Or, The Night Hawks of '76

By Captain Jack Judson

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CHAPTER X.

THE ESCAPE.

THE capture of Dick o' the Dark spread like wildfire throughout the neighborhood. One of Dick's friends saw him in the toils of Tarleton's men, and lost no time in sending the news far and wide. Emily, rushing into the house, informed her uncle of the disaster, and for a moment stood white-faced before him with clinched hands and flashing eyes.

"Dick is doomed if he is not rescued!" she exclaimed. "We all know the ire of Colonel Tarleton. He is as merciless as a wolf, and since Dick had been the inveterate enemy of the King, he will suffer at his hands."

"I am going to the British camp." She spoke the words in a manner that thrilled the old man.

"You going into the lion's den?" he exclaimed. "Think you the lion will pay the slightest attention to you?"

"If Bannister Tarleton has a heart I will find it," was the reply. "He will not dare to harm me," and with this she left the room and proceeded to the stables.

It did not take her long to saddle her favorite horse, and, riding up to the porch, she waved her hand to her relative, who stood at the window and was off.

Emily knew it would not be difficult to find the British camp, for rumor had already located it, and down the road she went, her horse's hoofs sending up glints of fire from the flinty ground. Not long thereafter she was halted by a mounted picket, and the big fellow in scarlet demanded to know her mission.

"I want to see Colonel Tarleton," answered Emily, looking straight into his face and minding not the drawn saber.

"He is busy. We are getting ready to move and——"

"Nevertheless I must see him."

The sentry stepped aside and Emily rode on. Already the camp was astir. The troopers had finished their breakfast and were preparing to saddle their steeds. It was a sight for the daring girl, and her cheeks crimsoned when she thought of the indignities her countrymen had suffered at the hands of these merciless men.

Colonel Tarleton looked surprised when he caught sight of the patriot lass and waited for her to come up.

"You are Colonel Tarleton?" said Emily, reining in her mount in front of him.

"I bear that name, miss."

"I am Emily Searle. Your command last night captured Dick o' the Dark."

"That it did, and a good capture it is, too."

It was evident that the haughty officer was not going to unbend to his fair visitor.

"You are going to treat him as a prisoner of war, I suppose?"

A grim smile grew into being upon Tarleton's lips.

"I don't see why I should," he returned. "This young rascal has given our cause no end of trouble, and the sooner the district is rid of him the better."

"But he was captured in fair fight."

"As fair as he fights, yes."

Emily flushed. "Surely, Colonel Tarleton, you are not going to subject him to a trial?"

"Bless you, such as he needs no trial."

"But——"

"If you have come to plead for this young Rebel, you may as well cease your efforts," interposed Tarleton. "I am going to hang him and his fellow outlaw."

Emily almost reeled at this gruff sentence. "But you will let me see him?" she asked.

"I cannot refuse so fair a lass that much," was the response. "I will call my guard and let you see Dick o' the Dark."

In a moment, escorted by a trooper, Emily was on her way to the log hut in which Dick and Tom were confined.

"Emily!" exclaimed the young Night Hawk at sight of her. "In the name of Heaven, what possessed you to enter this lion's den?"

"I came to help you, Dick," was the prompt answer. "But I find Colonel Tarleton immovable."

"The same heartless wretch he has been painted!" cried Dick, with stiffening lips.

"You have been condemned."

"Yes, Tom and I pay for our loyalty to freedom at ten of the clock."

"But it must not be."

"It is inevitable. I was taken unawares and was not permitted to defend myself."

"Just like Tarleton's wolves," cried Emily. "Look yonder, Dick. The troopers are admiring Lightning."

Sure enough Dick's horse had been brought forth and was being inspected by several troopers who had already placed a British saddle on his back.

"I'll wager a shilling that that hated saddle maddens Lightning," Dick exclaimed.

"It surely does. See how he turns his head and looks at it."

At this moment the horse had been brought to within a few yards of the open door of the hut, as if to irritate his owner, and the dragoons, all of whom were afoot, were casting glances toward the little group.

"Lightning obeys you, Dick?" asked Emily in low tones.

"We have a language in common," was the reply, and a look of wonderment lit up the boy's eyes.

"My horse is almost as swift as yours," Emily continued. "Colonel Tarleton dare not hang me."

"What do you mean?"

"This, Dick. Listen. Don't lose a word. Give Lightning a signal to come to the door. When I say the word, leap out and vault upon his back. Tom will take my horse. In a moment you will be off. None of the troopers are mounted, and their weapons are not ready. The way is clear. Once outside of the camp you will have the whole country before you. You know every foot of the ground. Don't say 'no.' I'll take care of myself."

"But Emily——"

"I will be obeyed. The shadow of the halter is over you now. It is worth the trial."

"Heaven protect you, Emily! I'll make the trial."

Dick and Tom nerved themselves for the daring deed. Colonel Tarleton had eleven hundred men in his camp, and all were bitter enemies of the patriots. All at once Dick sent out a peculiar call, and that instant Lightning broke from his admirers and was at the door.

"Now!" shouted Emily Searle.

A sudden leap placed Dick upon Lightning's back, and Tom followed his example by vaulting upon Emily's horse. It was the work of half a second. The astonishment of the dragoons knew no bounds. Before they could recover, two horses were flying from the camp.

Shouts resounded everywhere. Men were running hither and thither to their horses, but already Tom and Dick were fast becoming mere specks in the distance.

"What's all this?" demanded Tarleton, rushing forward. His face was purple.

"The prisoners have escaped!" cried fifty men. "It was the girl's trick."

"Don't let them get away," cried the officer. "Turn the whole camp loose on their heels."

In a few moments more than two hundred dragoons were dashing after the late captives. Emily Searle stood with a victorious smile on her face.

"What have you done?" roared Tarleton, appearing suddenly before her. "I have a mind to reserve the rope for you."

"It would be the real Bannister Tarleton if you did," she replied, calmly meeting his gaze. "Liberty in North America cannot spare Dick o' the Dark."

"It is infamous!" cried the enraged Briton. "I never saw anything like this. Have we got to conquer the girls as well as the men?"

"We have the same blood in our veins, your excellency."

The haughty Tarleton made no reply.

An hour later the men came straggling back. Defeat was visible on every countenance.

"We couldn't overtake the young scamps," reported one. "They must have the best horses in the Carolinas."

"And the most faithful friend boys ever had," commented Tarleton. "But wait! I will yet crush this young night rider. He shall pay dearly for his exploit."

"But the girl, your excellency?"

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten her. Bring her to me."

Surrounded by the troopers, Emily had made no attempt to leave the camp.

"I can't hang a girl," said Tarleton, abating a little of his anger. "You have deprived me of two important prisoners. Now, miss, you will do me a favor if you will leave this camp immediately."

"Which I shall do with pleasure, Colonel Tarleton. The suggestion of escape was wholly mine, and let me say ere I go, that if will do us the honor to dine at our house your supper will not disappear."

Despite his feelings Colonel Tarleton's face broke into a smile. "No thanks, miss," said he. "I don't think I will ever trouble you to prepare a feast for me. Get out of my camp!"

Emily executed a courtesy with all the grace she could assume, and in another second had turned her back upon the King's officer.

"Let her go," said Tarleton. "If we've got to fight the girls of North America the King's cause is lost."

CHAPTER XI.

A TORY'S DOOM.

FOR some time the American army under General Morgan had been falling back before Tarleton's men. This was not cowardice on the part of the brave old Virginian, for he intended to make a stand and face the foe when he reached a certain spot.

Tarleton pushed on a short time after the escape of his young prisoners. He was fully determined to have revenge, and boasted that when he had whipped Morgan he would retrace his steps and pay his respects to the Night Hawks.

Dick o' the Dark and Tiny Tom did not draw rein until they were in safe quarters. The boys were elated over their liberation, and the only thing that troubled them was the thought of Emily being in the British camp. However, Tom said that Tarleton would not dare harm the brave girl, and Dick declared that if he did it would be the costliest retribution he had ever taken.

"We will seek Morgan tomorrow," Dick said. "Of course we want to be in at the fight, for there are to be some lively blows struck in the north."

It was high noon when the boys crossed a little valley and entered a wood. A ghastly sight met their gaze. Suspended from the limb of a tree was a dead body, and both boys uttered

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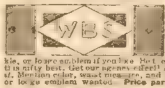

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ejaculations of horror when they halted nearby.

"This is Tory work!" cried Dick. "See, Tom, they have hanged Crippled Simon."

In the whole district there was no more harmless boy than this victim of Tory vengeance. Everybody knew that he was for liberty. In fact, Simon had never concealed his feelings, and thereby he had brought down upon his head the hatred of those who loved the King.

"What is this?" suddenly cried Tom, dismounting. "Look, Dick! One of the miscreants has lost his watch." Tom held up the timepiece for Dick's inspection.

"It is Silas Gaffney's watch," exclaimed the boy partisan. "He had a part in [illegible] deed of cruelty. I am going to pay him back."

"And I will help you, Dick."

"Wait till sundown, Tom. We will pounce upon this heartless Tory, and when we go to General Morgan we will have company."

Finding that pursuit had been checked, the boys lingered on their old stamping ground till the descending sun cast long shadows, when they remounted and rode to the south.

Silas Gaffney was just rising from his supper table when a servant rushed into the house and told him that two horses had halted in front of the house.

"Aha! the men ready for tonight's raid, no doubt," he exclaimed. "We are going to teach old Scruggs a lesson."

Opening the door he stepped out upon the porch, but instantly drew back with a cry.

"Don't stir, Master Gaffney," said a stern voice. "We have called to restore your watch. You needn't mention any reward."

The old Tory paled. "I've lost no watch. I—I——"

"You lost it where you and your miscreants hanged Crippled Simon. Come, don't look so white. A lie will not benefit you. Stand where you are and order your horse brought from the stables"

"What are you going to do?" for by this time the Tory had recognized Dick and Tiny Tom.

"The horse first," was the reply. "Be quick about this. We must be on the move."

Curbing his rage as well as he could, and menaced by two pistols in the hands of the resolute boys, Silas Gaffney ordered his horse brought forward by a black servant, and in a few moments it stood before the door.

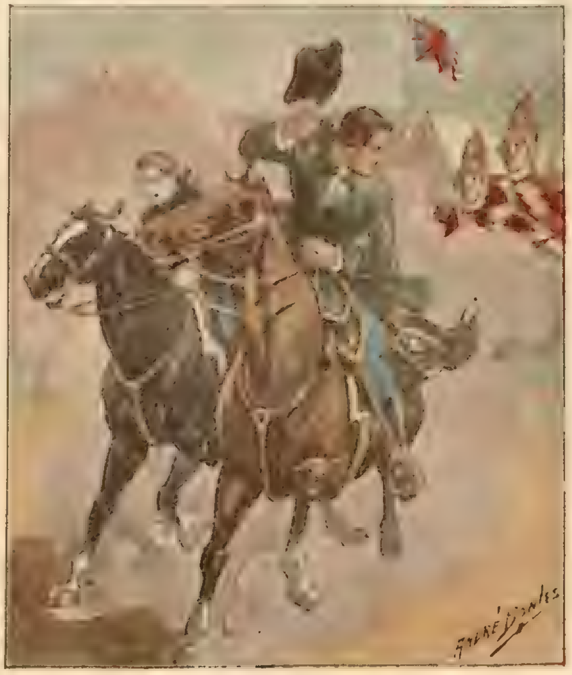
"Get into the saddle," commanded Dick. "Pompey, you will lash your master to the horse. See that you do your work well."

"I protest," stammered the white-faced Tory. "You have no right to treat me thus."

"A better right than you had to hang Crippled Simon," iterated Dick o' the Dark. "Ah, is your work finished, Pompey?"

"Yes, sah, Massa Dick."

The young patriot reached forward and gripped the bridle of Silas's horse.



Before they could recover, two horses were flying from camp.

"What are you going to do?" demanded the Tory.

"We are going to take you to General Morgan and let him deal with you for your deed of blood."

The last vestige of color flew from Gaffney's face and he trembled, for at heart there was no greater coward in the land.

"I can't go to Morgan," he pleaded. "I am not a British soldier and——"

"The King would be ashamed of you if you were," interrupted Dick. "A Tory is really meaner than a dragoon, and he is mean enough, mercy knows!"

All the time Pompey was looking on with distended eyes, for he enjoyed his master's plight.

"Ready," said Dick, with a glance at [illegible] "Keep an eye on this man. If he [illegible]kes a sign to betray us to his friends, you know what to do."

Tom's eyes snapped. "I'll watch the old fellow, Dick. You can trust me."

In another moment three horses were moving over the road. The day had vanished, and one by one the stars were lighting up the vault of night. Silas Gaffney was silent. Now and then he shrugged his shoulders and glanced madly at his captors.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds if you let me go," he ventured at last.

There was no reply.

"I'll add fifty to it, and, besides, I'll settle that much more on Simon's aunt with whom he lived."

Then Dick turned to his prisoner and looked him full in the face.

"That's a good deal of money, Master Gaffney," said he. "It's more than I've seen in all my life."

"But I will give it freely."

"Wouldn't you promise to give Tom here the big bottom field that runs down to the creek?"

"Yes, I'll give Tom that."

A little laugh parted Dick's lips.

"Poor as we are, Master Silas," he said, "we wouldn't let you go for a thousand pounds. You must plead your case with General Morgan himself."

The man's countenance dropped dismally.

"There are voices to the right," whispered Tiny Tom, at this juncture.

"I hear them," responded Dick.

The prisoner had pricked up his ears and was listening intently

"Not a word, not a signal," said Dick, leaning toward his captive. "I know who is over yonder and so do you. We are passing by a troop of Tarleton's dragoons. Keep a still tongue in your head. The slightest sound on your part will deprive King George of an ally."

Slowly the three horses moved on. At last Silas Gaffney's steed whinnied.

"Hark!" said a voice near the road. "Some one is passing yonder.

"Rebels, no doubt."

Master Gaffney seemed on the point of calling out. That moment Dick's pistol pressed against his breast.

"A cry means death, Master Gaffney!" said he. "We will move a little faster."

Away went the horses.

"Rebels sure enough," cried voices.

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"After them, men. We'll have another hanging ere we crush old Morgan."

The boys had their prisoner between them. It seemed as though fifty men were now in hot pursuit. Over hill and dale dashed the boys with their unwilling captive. It was a wild, exciting chase.

"They're right behind us!" cried Tom, as they left a bit of wood and were crossing a piece of open ground.

"Dragoons for sure," answered Dick.

A smile of hope had settled on Silas Gaffney's face. The boys had but to look back to see forms rushing forward in the starlight. The British were well mounted and came on like the rush of a storm.

"Halt!" rang out on the crisp winter air.

"Liberty forever!" Dick hurled into their teeth.

The next second twenty pistols awoke every echo of the night and Tom was seen to quiver.

"Are you hurt, Tom?" asked Dick.

"A little sting in one arm, but that's nothing. Look at Master Gaffney."

The Tory had fallen forward on the neck of his horse.

"He's hit," said Tom.

"He's dead!" cried Dick.

The young partisan reached over and lifted the Tory's head.

"His friends have avenged poor Simon," he went on. "A British ball has rid the world of Silas Gaffney."

Dick dropped the rein he had held for some time. The Tory's horse slacked speed and stopped.

"Let them have their ally," Dick went on. "Never was there a juster doom. Now give your horse full rein, Tom. We won't stop till we're with old Morgan," and seeing their pursuers pulling up about the dead Tory, the boys increased their speed and were soon out of sight.

CHAPTER XII.

FIGHTING WITH OLD MORGAN.

A BRIGHTER winter day was never seen than the one on which Dick o' the Dark and Tiny Tom rode into General Morgan's camp at the Cowpens. They had had no difficulty in finding the brave old Virginian and his little army of patriots, for everybody knew where they were.

Colonel Tarleton was coming up behind the young Night Hawks with his eleven hundred dragoons and Tories, eager to whip Morgan and clear the Carolinas of the Rebels. He had received orders from Cornwallis not to rest till he had destroyed the patriots, and Tarleton was just the man to carry out such commands.

Morgan had breakfasted and was in high spirits.

"Who comes here?" he exclaimed, at sight of the boys, and his eagle eye looked them over as they drew rein in front of him.

"We have come to help you whip Tarleton," replied Dick. "My comrade is Tiny Tom, the mountain minstrel, and you will find that he can sing as well as fight."

"Well, young sir, I think we shall want a song of victory after the tussle," was the cheerful response. "Have you any choice of position?"

"Put us where there will be lively work, General."

"That's a gallant answer. I shall let you fight with Colonel Howard."

"Thank you, General."

"I have heard of you," continued Morgan. "Are you not the famous Dick o' the Dark?"

"I am called so along the Pacolet."

"Then I know I have received a goodly reinforcement. Ah, here comes your future commander now. Colonel Howard, here are two more young recruits in freedom's ranks."

The handsome Howard reached forth and shook hands with the overjoyed boys.

In a short time the pickets announced that the front of Tarleton's line was in sight, and all prepared for battle.

"This will be no night fight, Tom," remarked Dick to his companion. "It is a fair open day contest, and let us see that we give a good account of ourselves."

"Don't fear for me," was the prompt answer. "If I don't crack a head it won't be my fault."

Colonel Tarleton always relied on his dragoons who swung heavy sabers and were accustomed to riding down the enemy, and he expected that day to carry out his old tactics.

The battle was on in a few minutes. So fierce was the onset that the militia under Morgan gave way, and in a short time the British were in hot pursuit. Dick and Tom sat their horses side by side, watching Howard, who seemed slow.

"Why doesn't he order us in?" cried Tom. "See! the militia are running and Tarleton's fiends are after them hot foot."

At that moment the bugles of Howard rang shrilly out over the tempest of battle, and the line shot forward.

"At last!" cried Dick o' the Dark." "Now's our time to pay some old debts."

"I'd like to meet Tarleton himself," the little singer exclaimed.

Straight at the redcoats drove Howard and his invincible heroes. The fighting soon became hand to hand, the mounted men sabering one another, truly paying off some old scores, as Tom had said. Tarleton seemed everywhere.

"Aha, I see Colonel Howard!" cried the British commander. "I owe him a good blow," and in an instant he was face to face with his old enemy.

Howard was shot in the arm and unhorsed by a dragoon, and Tarleton rushed upon him with uplifted saber. But at that moment Dick, seeing his colonel's danger, dashed to the rescue and beat down Tarleton's uplifted blade.

"What, a boy?" grated Tarleton, as he reeled back. "By my life! 'tis the young imp who ate my supper."

"And I taste the good cooking yet," cried Dick, parrying a blow dealt at his head. "Down with the house-burning dragoons!"

If three redcoats had not at that moment thrown themselves between their leader and the determined boy, they would have been without a leader. They forced Dick back by the sheer force of numbers, and before he could be extricated Tarleton had been rescued from his perilous position.

The courage of Morgan's men was too much for the enemy. Although outnumbered, they forced the British back at every point, and finally Tarleton was compelled to draw off his shattered legions.

"Give them the bayonet!" shouted Morgan, and at the same time Howard and Colonel Washington led their men in a final charge which proved irresistible.

Some of the enemy threw away their arms and sought safety in flight; but far the greater part threw away their trappings and begged for quarter.

"Tarleton's quarters! Tarleton's quarters!" was heard on every side, for the Americans had not forgotten how they had suffered at the hands of the merciless dragoons, but the chivalrous Morgan would not stain his fame by a massacre of the captives.

It was a glorious battle, for six hundred prisoners and many arms and flags had fallen into the hands of the victors, and the boasting Tarleton had had a lucky escape. The Americans lost only twelve killed.

"I guess it's glorious enough for one day," said Dick, proudly, as he surveyed the field and turned to Tom, who was wiping his forehead. "Don't you think it is worth a new song, my boy?"

"I'll make a good one for Morgan and his men," was the laughing response, and sure enough that night he did, to the delight of all who heard, and Dick declared the little singer had never sung so well.

"I wish the other boys had been here," Dick said.

"Why, here they come, Dick!" exclaimed Tom, as the rest of the Night Hawks came riding up.

"We came in right in the midst of the tussle, Dick, and fought wherever we could find a chance," explained one. "We gave it to the Tory regiment rough shod, and never lost a man."

The blow was enough. Cornwallis dropped his haughty head when he heard the tidings from the Cowpens, and Tarleton was in disgrace.

"Now the Tories of the Pacolet won't hold their heads quite so high," remarked Dick o' the Dark. "I reckon we'll be cocks of the walk when we go back."

A few days later a voice was heard singing in the mountains.

"We cut old Tarleton good and deep,
Oho! oho!
We made his redcoats run like sheep,
Oho! oho!
The Cowpens they will ne'er forget,
I think that they are running yet,
All covered o'er with blood and sweat,
Hurrah for Liberty!"

Thereafter the region of Pacolet was no more troubled by the enemy. That beautiful spot had peace, and the Tories kept under cover.

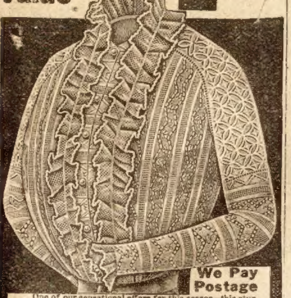
Patrick Malloy did not come again to the Scruggs home to make love to Emily, and the Night Hawks, having no one to watch, joined General Greene's army and fought like heroes to the close of the war, when Cornwallis furled his battle flags at Yorktown.

It was after the war that Tiny Tom, riding through the forest dressed in a new suit with a feather in his hat, was accosted by a countryman.

"What's up, my boy? You look as though you're going to a wedding," exclaimed the man.

"Faith and I am," was the reply. "I'm going to Master Scruggs's house to dance at Dick o' the Dark's wedding. We're going to have a feast, but Barbara Silt isn't going to do the cooking. She cooked for Colonel Tarleton once, but we stole the puddings and left her guests in the lurch!" and, beginning a new song, the boy gave the reins a twitch and was out of sight.

The End.



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One of our sensational offers for this season—this stunning waist at an extraordinary bargain price—very special at $1.00. Hundreds of others amazing offers you can't afford to miss. Write now for our big Book of Fashions showing the newest fashions at remarkable low prices. Your money back if any purchase does not please you.

A new Parisian model waist of refined and dainty style, charmingly simple and beautifully becoming. Made of a material having the appearance of a very expensive waist. Made of a sheer white cross-barred voile. Exquisitely allover embroidered in a floral design. The novel and delightfully distinctive feature is the front and back yoke effect with the full length French drop-shoulder sleeves which are finished with a knife-plaited ruching of white spiral net. A knife-plaited fichu of spiral net is used to outline the very becoming low neck and finishes, the front visible vestee closing at either side, adding greatly to its charm and beauty. The visible closing is effected with large oval pearl buttons. Colors, white only. Sizes 32 to 44. Be sure to state size. Order by No. 79AB. Price, postage paid - - - - - - - $1.00

Free Book of Fashions

and startling offers in newest styles. Mailed free. Write for it. We offer 10,000 bargains—everything for the home and family at amazing direct prices. SEND SURE TODAY. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

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FINE OLD VIOLINS

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allowed, no matter where you live. If not more than pleased with our values return violin AT OUR EXPENSE—and no harm done. Ability to play the violin brings social and financial success. Get a violin with a rich, mellow tone and it will create in you a desire to master it.

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containing portraits of the world's greatest violinists since Paganini's time, a half-tone of "Stradivarius in His Workshop," and the romantic story of The King of Musical Instruments. A postal brings all to you FREE — no obligations.

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ASK FOR A-K TABLETS

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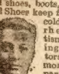

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The comfort, economy and durability of Steel Shoes is amazing. Thousands throwing away leather-soled shoes, boots, rubbers, etc. Steel Shoes keep feet dry. No colds, sore throat, rheumatism. Saving in doctors' bills more than pays for them. They fit fine and feel easy—no corns, bunions or soreness. Write postal for book, The Sole of Steel, learn how to save $20 shoe money.

N. M. RUTHSTEIN, The Steel Shoe Man. Dept. 208 Racine, Wis.

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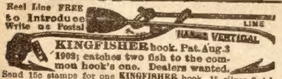
Ladies' and gent's size, hunting and other styles. Free to anyone selling our jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 jewelry articles now. When sold send $2.00 & we'll send you a stem-wind, simulated gold finish, richly engraved, new thin model, guaranteed watch latest design, fancy bezel, choice size. Other styles described with goods. Also 3-stone ring and chain. (Ladies' or gent's style).

HOMER JEWEL CO., Dept. 16, CHICAGO, ILL.



Reel Line FREE to Introduce Write us Postal

KINGFISHER hook. Pat. Aug. 3 1909; catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted.

Send 15c stamps for one KINGFISHER hook, 15 silver finish Cincinnati bass hooks and three good strong lines, postpaid.

OLIVER HOOK CO., Room 29 OWENSBORO, KY.

22 CAL. RIFLE FREE

Kills at 100 yds. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue black gun metal. Write for 30 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10c each. When sold return $3 and we send rifle. Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 809, East Boston, Mass.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents.

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The key to a happy home-*credit.*

I smash the high cost of living for you. $1.00 does wonders by my factory to home plan. Your credit is good with me. I trust you to send the very smallest monthly payments and guarantee you a saving of from 15 to 50c on every dollar's worth you order from my factory.

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This is an unheard-of offer. $1.00 will bring a $27.50 order, your own selection from my Big Bargain book. Why go without home comforts when you can buy them under my most liberal plan?

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Brings This ELEGANT Rocker

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This rocker is only one of my many bargains. It is strong in construction and most comfortably upholstered. It has a spring seat and is covered all over with a fine grade of black Fabricord leather. No storekeeper could offer you such a bargain I can because it is made in my own Elgin factory and sold direct to you for only $4.95.

$4.95

Big Bargain Book FREE

It is brim full of bargains, each properly pictured and described, many in beautiful colors. This book shows everything to completely furnish your home; also diamonds, watches, jewelry and clothing. Don't wait another minute. Send for the Book today. Special sale with special terms just started. Address postal card to—

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to everyone who takes our Correspondence Course and qualifies for agency. 10 lessons teach you to be chauffeur, expert repair man, auto salesman. Answer the questions and get a diploma. Diploma fits you for $100 to $300 monthly job. Write and get full information. Then get free auto. We'll tell you how.

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THE "WHITE FROST" REFRIGERATORS

Approved and used by U. S. Government.

Direct from factory to you, freight prepaid. 30 days free trial. Easy payments. "Save the price in cost of ice." Postal will bring Free Catalog. Write today. Metal Stamping Co., Dept. [illegible] Jackson, Mich.

Pain Paint

Send 50c in stamps and we will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint powders, with full directions to make sixty 25-cent bottles. Pain Paint stops pain instantly; removes Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns will not blister. A spoonful taken four times a day kills Dyspepsia. Sold 40 years by agents.

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You can learn to be a salesman in eight weeks by mail and be earning while you learn. No former experience required. Write today for particulars, list of hundreds of good openings and testimonials from hundreds of our students who are earning $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 102

National Salesmen's Training Association
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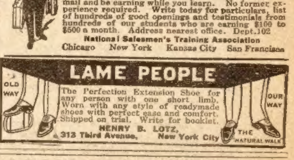

LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of readymade shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet.

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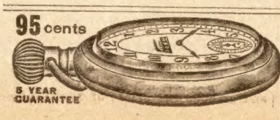

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To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of wonderful Watch bargains we will send this elegant watch by mail post paid for ONLY 95 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with 95 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 95c today. Address

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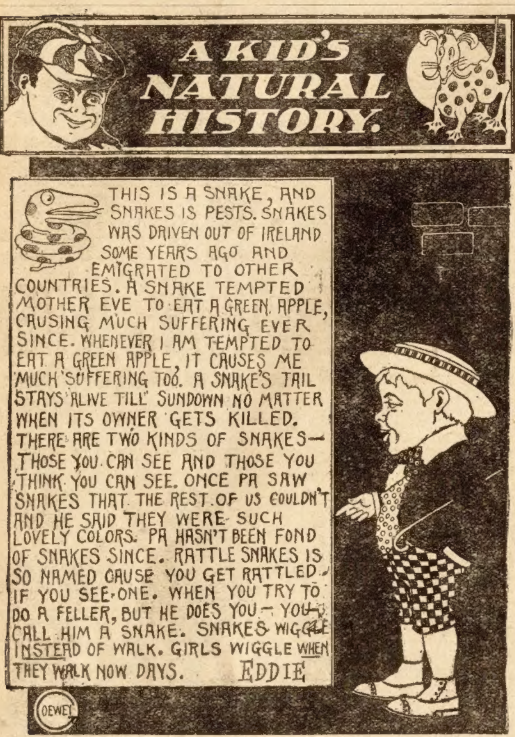
THE FAIRY CORNER


A KID'S NATURAL HISTORY.
THIS IS A SNAKE, AND SNAKES IS PESTS. SNAKES WAS DRIVEN OUT OF IRELAND SOME YEARS AGO AND EMIGRATED TO OTHER COUNTRIES. A SNAKE TEMPTED MOTHER EVE TO EAT A GREEN APPLE, CAUSING MUCH SUFFERING EVER SINCE. WHENEVER I AM TEMPTED TO EAT A GREEN APPLE, IT CAUSES ME MUCH SUFFERING TOO. A SNAKE'S TAIL STAYS ALIVE TILL SUNDOWN NO MATTER WHEN ITS OWNER GETS KILLED. THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF SNAKES—THOSE YOU CAN SEE AND THOSE YOU THINK YOU CAN SEE. ONCE PA SAW SNAKES THAT THE REST OF US COULDN'T AND HE SAID THEY WERE SUCH LOVELY COLORS. PA HASN'T BEEN FOND OF SNAKES SINCE. RATTLE SNAKES IS SO NAMED CAUSE YOU GET RATTLED IF YOU SEE ONE. WHEN YOU TRY TO DO A FELLER, BUT HE DOES YOU—YOU CALL HIM A SNAKE. SNAKES WIGGLE INSTEAD OF WALK. GIRLS WIGGLE WHEN THEY WALK NOW DAYS.
EDDIE
DEWEY

CONTENTMENT.

Most every day a little boy comes drivin' past our house
With the nicest little pony—just the color of a mouse—
And a groom rides close behind him, so he won't get hurt, you see.
And I used to wish the pony and the cart belonged to me.

I used to watch him from our porch and wish that I could own
His pony and his little cart and drive out all alone;
And once when I knelt down at night I prayed the Lord that he
Would fix it so the pony and the cart belonged to me.

But yesterday I saw him where he lives, and now I know
Why he never goes out walkin'—'cause his legs are withered so!
And last night when I was kneelin' with my head on mother's knee,
I was glad he had the pony and the cart instead of me.

❦

The Lost Dog.

Robert Harper lost his dog. There are plenty of dogs lost every day, or there wouldn't be so many in the pound, but Robert's wasn't in the pound. Nobody knew where in Philadelphia he was. That is where Robert and his dog Ding have lived most of their lives. Robert is 8 years old, but Ding is young and foolish. That is why he got himself lost.

Ding lost himself late one afternoon. Nobody had seen him go anywhere, and inquiries in the neighborhood failed to lead to any trace of a little Pomeranian, or Spitz, dog. So Robert went crying to bed that night.

Robert's father did not sleep well. The rats disturbed him, he said. There was more scratching of claws that night than there had been before. And when he got up at daylight there was the scratching going on. He investigated, and in the basement he found the place where Ding had lost himself. Ding had crawled into a piece of sheet-iron water spout that lay on the floor, and he hadn't been able to crawl out. He was away inside, and so all he could do was scratch.

The household was aroused. They tried to pull Ding out of his prison, but they couldn't reach him. They tried to push him out, but that made him yelp. So they did what people usually do when they can't look out for themselves. They called the police.

Two policemen came to the house, and they brought the help of trained minds bent on putting people into prison rather than in getting them out. But their minds were quick-working. They both said: "Can opener," and away went Robert running for the can opener in the kitchen. Then it was only a matter of minutes to open the can of dog and let Ding out into the open, a wiser Spitz than he had been the day before.

Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 696 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

❦

Joke Games.

If you are playing jokes upon one another, here's a good one. Offer a bit of candy or cake to your neighbor and repeat the following lines, making motions to suit the words as you may say them:

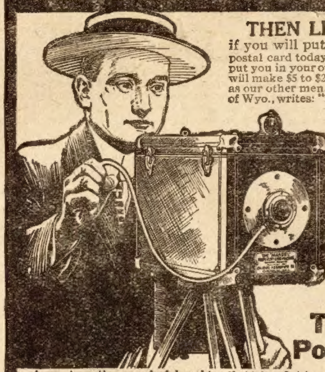
"Here's to your eyes,
Here's to your nose,
Here's to my mouth,
And down it goes."

"Satisfaction" is another joke game that creates a good deal of merriment. Have all the company, grownups as well as children, seat themselves, crosslegged on the floor. When all are arranged to look their best, tell them to sit there until they are satisfied, and you will see the cheapest-looking lot of people you have ever laid your eyes on.

❦

KNOWS IT THEN.

I cannot spell
So very well,
But when I see
A C-A-T
Below a cat,
I know it's that.



Do You Want Money?

THEN LISTEN! You can have it if you will put your name and address on a postal card today and mail it to us at once. We will put you in your own, quick-paying business where you will make $5 to $20 a day. You can do it just the same as our other men. Here are some late reports: Cable, of Wyo., writes: "Made $27.00 in 2 hours." Bryant, of Colo., made $16.00 in 6 hours. Evans of Miss., says: "Made $15.75 last Tuesday." Perry, of Ky., "Made $50.00 in 2 days." Hundreds of actual, bona fide letters like these on file.

Now is your chance to get out of the "time clock" line and the "pay envelope" brigade. Be a one minute photographer. New business—tremendous opportunities—the world for your field—travel or at home—all or spare time—big, quick, clean profits at private houses, parties, picnics, on the street, in the small towns, in great cities, at fairs, carnivals, conventions, reunions, street parades, aviation meets, etc., etc.—NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—Profits begin at once—first day—first minute—and you Make 500% on Every Sale. Don't delay—don't wait—act—write at once for complete free information about

The "MANDEL" Post Card Machine

A new invention—wonderful machine, that takes, finishes and delivers five different styles of photos. Turns out original post card photos (also button pictures) at the rate of three a minute right on the spot where you take them. Wonderful, new, photographic process—startling—sensational—

Photos Direct on Post Cards
Without Plates, Films, Printing or Dark Room

Machine is everything in one—a complete portable post card gallery. Excites interest, arrests attention, compels immediate order from every onlooker. Small capital starts you. Sale of supplies that come to you with outfit practically gives you back entire investment—and you have the business clear and fully established. You begin making money the same day the outfit arrives. Immediate sales—immediate profits. If you are sincere and really want to make $2,000 this year—DO NOT DELAY—show us that you are in earnest—that you mean business. We will show you how to get the money. Write NOW—AT ONCE—INFORMATION IS FREE. Address either office.

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY
322, Ferrotype Building, CHICAGO, ILL. —or— Dept. 322, Public Bank Bldg., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Tailoring Salesmen WANTED

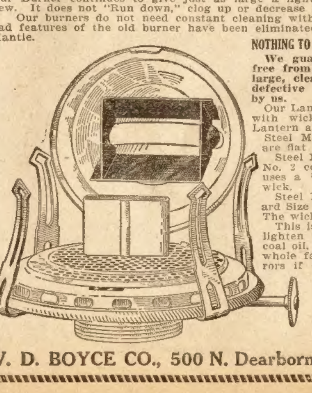
We want live, energetic hustlers, men who can make good; who are ambitious to start in a business of their own. No canvassing; no experience required; no capital necessary. We furnish everything to start. Hundreds are making from $100 to $200 per month and expenses. We guarantee absolute satisfaction and take all the risk. We are one of the largest woolen mills in the country and positively have the only up-to-date, high-quality, low-priced tailoring on the market.

A great many of our men are making from $25 to $50 Every Week

We furnish a complete agents' outfit, consisting of large sample book (not a folder), order blanks, tape measures, advertising matter—in fact everything essential to the conducting of a high-class tailoring business.

Write today for this big outfit It is sent express prepaid. Drop a postal and say "Send me your agents' outfit." We will start you at once on the road to Success. Be sure and write today.

DANIEL WOOLEN MILLS, Dept. A, 300 Green St., Chicago



Why Not Have the Best Light?
The Steel Mantle Lamp and Lantern Burner FREE
These Odorless-Smokeless-Powerful Burners Are FREE to Our Subscribers

Placing the Steel Mantle on the inside of the common Burner, has doubled the size of the flame and increased the power of the light two to four times. The light is clear and bright and has three or four times the power of the old style burner. Our Burner continues to give just as large a light after it has been used as when new. It does not "Run down," clog up or decrease in strength as it grows older.

Our burners do not need constant cleaning with cloths, soda and sticks. All the bad features of the old burner have been eliminated by the introduction of the Steel Mantle.

NOTHING TO ADJUST. NOTHING TO GET OUT OF ORDER

We guarantee the burner to be perfect; free from flaws and defects and to give a large, clear, powerful, bright light. Every defective burner will be gladly replaced by us.

Our Lamp and Lantern Burners are packed with wicks ready to attach to Lamp or Lantern and use.

Steel Mantle Lamp and Lantern Burners are flat wick burners.

Steel Mantle Lamp Burners fit No. 1 and No. 2 common or ordinary lamps. No. 1 uses a ⅝-inch wick, No. 2 uses a 1-inch wick.

Steel Mantle Lantern Burners fit Standard Size No. 2 Cold Blast Tubular Lanterns. The wick is 1 inch wide.

This is a wonderful invention which will lighten the work of the housekeeper, save coal oil, give a better light, and please the whole family. Chores lose half their terrors if one of these burners makes your lantern give a bright light. Don't forget to say which size you want. Send $1.00 for a year's subscription to the Blade or Ledger (new or renewal) and get the burner you want absolutely free. Canada price $1.50. We do not pay customs duties. Send at once.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

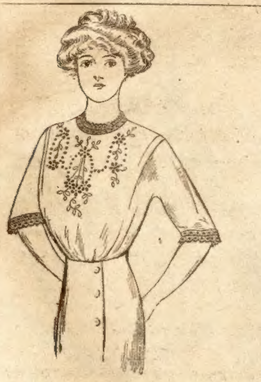
We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

Every one of the designs we are going to offer is new and up-to-date, and nowhere else can you secure the same, as they are made exclusively for us.

You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them, every woman should have little trouble in getting almost every one.

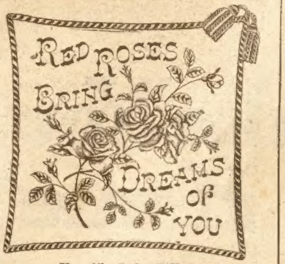
Canada, subscriptions 50 cents more than price quoted below.



No. 29, Stamped Shirtwaist.

NO. 29, A STAMPED SHIRTWAIST.—This neat and attractive waist is stamped on a fine quality lawn, and is to be worked in solid and eyelet embroidery. It is a prize for any girl.

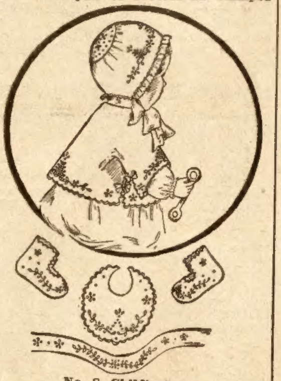
We will mail it free of charge to any one sending $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to either the Blade or Ledger. This shirtwaist will be sent without the paper for sixty-five cents.


RED ROSES BRING DREAMS OF YOU

No. 15, Sofa Pillow.

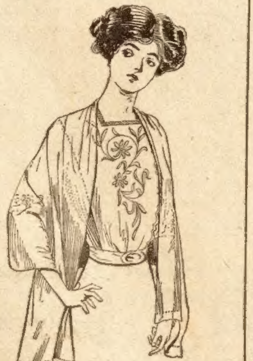
NO. 15, SOFA PILLOW.—This very pretty hand-painted sofa pillow, neat rose design, tinted on art pillow cloth, size 22x22 inches, with back and mercerized cotton for working sent free for a $1.00 subscription to either the Blade or Ledger. The girdle will be included if you send us a $2.00 subscription to both the Blade and Ledger. You can get this pillow cover without the paper for forty cents; with girdle, fifty-five cents.

NO. 8, CHILD'S SET.—The set we illustrate above and which we are offering our readers is one that should and will please every mother. A complete set for baby, consisting of cape, cap, bib, belt, and a pair of bootees all stamped on finest quality rep for punch work, and French embroidery.



No. 8, Child's Set.

Set as described sent free to any one who will send us $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to either the Blade or Ledger.



No. 18, Silk Shoulder Scarf.

NO. 18, SILK SHOULDER SCARF.—One of the best offers we have made. A beautiful silk scarf, all ready for use, having both ends hemstitched. Can be furnished in white and blue, and we include with it a pattern of the design on the waist of illustration. Sent complete to any one who will send us $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to the Blade and Ledger.

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife

Used Golden Remedy, The Great Home Treatment For Drunkards.

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly At Home In Tea, Coffee Or Food.

Costs Nothing To Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
6088 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name ....

Street ....

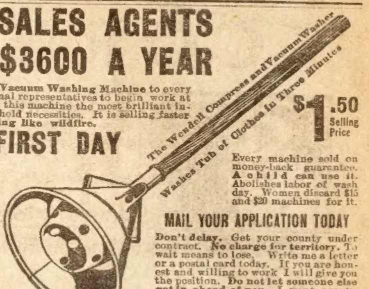
City.................State ....

Not His Fault.

"Didn't I tell you the last time you were here," said the magistrate sternly to the prisoner who had celebrated not wisely but too well, "that I never wanted you to come before me again?"

"Yes, sir," replied the prisoner, "but I couldn't make the policeman believe it."

I WANT 200 SALES AGENTS AT $1200 TO $3600 A YEAR


The Wendell Compress and Vacuum Washer
Washes Tub of Clothes in Three Minutes
$1.50 Selling Price

To introduce my new Compress and Vacuum Washing Machine to every home in the country, I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties. I consider this machine the most brilliant inventive achievement of the age in household necessities. It is selling faster than anything I have ever heard of—going like wildfire.

PROFITS START FIRST DAY

No waiting or guessing. The price of only $1.50 makes a sale at every house—cash business at 200 per cent profit to you. The biggest opportunity ever offered. I want hustlers—men and women who want to make money quick and fast. No large investment needed—business supplies the capital.

NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED Just follow instructions. Failure impossible. Success assured. Frank Greene sold 45 first three days—profit $45. Mrs. L. O. Marrick make$90 first three weeks in spare time only. J. H. Goddard took 18 orders first three hours. No talking necessary. Just show it—the order is yours right on the spot.

Every machine sold on money-back guarantee. A child can use it. Abolishes labor of wash day. Women discard $15 and $20 machines for it.

MAIL YOUR APPLICATION TODAY

Don't delay. Get your county under contract. No charge for territory. To wait means to lose. Write me a letter or a postal card today. If you are honest and willing to work I will give you the position. Do not let someone else get in ahead of you. I want agents, general agents and managers. Write today—then you will have done your part. Do it right now. Address

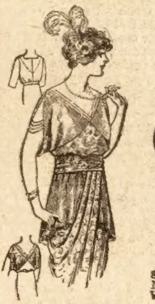
H. F. WENDELL, Pres. Wendell Vacuum Washer Co., 180 Oak St., Leipsic, Ohio

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

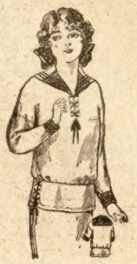
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

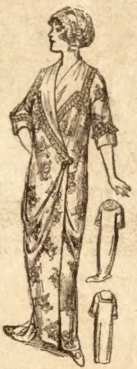
We make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



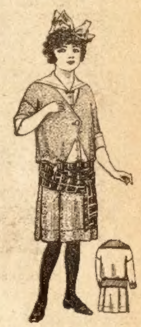
8173 Fancy Waist, 34 to 42 bust. Shown with Skirt 8154



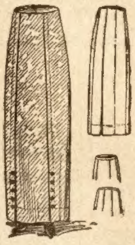
8185 Middy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



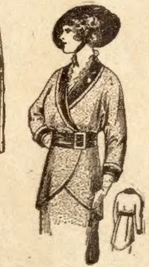
8180 Draped House Gown, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.



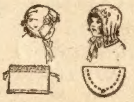
8177 Girl's Dress with Vest, 10 to 14 years.



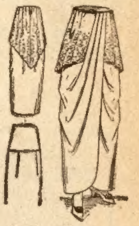
8174 Seven Gored Skirt, 26 to 36 waist.



8172 Coat in Kimono Style, 34 to 40 bust.



8189 Child's One-Piece Caps, 6 mos. or 1 year and 2 years.



8181 One-Piece Draped Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

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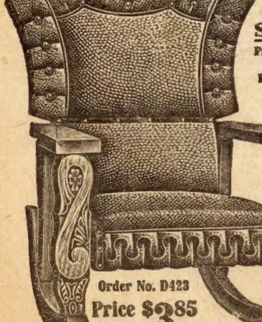

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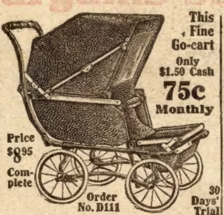

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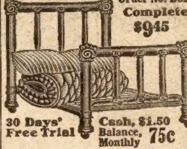

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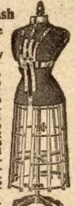

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Spear's "Steinway" Sewing Machine

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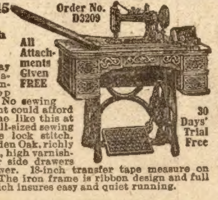

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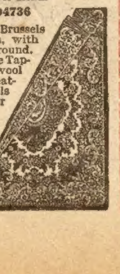

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